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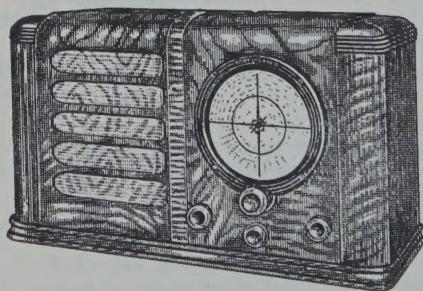
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EDITORIAL

WE have explained at length why we were reluctantly drawn into the controversy on Spain. We cannot, as a country, help her in her agony. When passions are loosed, men are deaf to reason. She must kill and kill. No one can yet see an end in sight of any permanency and fortunate is he who can see a glorious triumph for either side. We are convinced that it is only when the bereaved survivors, in a scene of desolation, count the cost, that the real heart-searchings will begin among those who rejoice over hollow victories.

When popular feeling is inflamed and passions roused there is always attendant danger when a vocal verdict upon issues not fully comprehended is demanded of the crowd. This is the abuse of democratic principle, of majority rule, that is often mistaken for the real thing. A degree of competence to judge upon a particular issue is essential to any just majority decision and a rushed verdict by people insufficiently informed to assess the truth, is valueless in the eyes of history. Scrupulous leaders will disdain to secure a fictitious mandate from the people by such means. Yet Europe is overrun with "yes-men" and fortified with a spurious solidarity in its self-contained divisions. We have wandered from the subject of Spain, but, in sorrow, we leave it, as we have no intention to exacerbate feelings, which already have been scraped raw.

All credit to the two Dublin dailies which have mutually supported each other in a big campaign to end one of the most hideous features of the visible heritage of evil that England's misgovernment had left us—the Dublin slums. We shall revert in the near future to this subject which for us has always had a perennial interest. We of this generation shall merit in turn the opprobrium that attaches to the last if we betray our hundred thousand fellows and leave the temples of their souls unhoused.

In this number our readers are presented with a symposium on Population—at such length as might be unpardonable were it not that the subject is as important as the neglect of it has been great, as vital to our country as her very lifeblood. The

same divisions as characterised the time of Malthus are here, the advocates of large population and also, if not restrictionists, at any rate those who can see no trends favourable to rapid increase nor any mechanism or device of State intervention which could exercise that most elusive type of social control which is necessary to influence population increase. Such artifices, we are told, have failed, have produced negative results, in Germany and Italy, where they have been tried. But might it not be that the declines in the various factors of increase that have been recorded would have been much more rapid but for the schemes adopted?

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Frankly, our belief is that Ireland could maintain a very much larger population, that it is in every way to her advantage to have a large population, that much could be done to influence an acceleration in the trends of increase and that now, when she is admittedly at the trough of her population curve, is the time to apply the necessary momentum to make her progress towards the crest as rapid as possible. Such would be the business principle adopted at a time of slump or depression when the end of the cycle had been reached with the promise of good times ahead.

●

And economics, unfortunately, as Dr. Kane has pointed out, has been the skeleton at the feast all the time. We sympathise with his views and we are not alone in our beliefs. At the British Association meeting this year, Sir Josiah Stamp stated that a natural increase of population is the best shock-absorber a community can possess, and that where population is allowed to fall, the impact of modern forces will produce the greatest disintegration and chaos. Increase of population, on the other hand, especially if accompanied by an extension of territory, tends to redirect displaced labour and capital from declining industry to new products.

The same eminent economist realises that the increasing average age of the community produces an inflexibility to change. Yet change and its counterpart, adaptability, are the two signature tunes of the spheres to-day. Life is dynamic, everchanging. To quote Sir Josiah Stamp again, economics, which has confined itself to the known world is inadequate as a guide, since its basic postulates are being rapidly changed:

it is engaged in modifying old structures to meet new conditions, but now, when elasticity is most wanted, stability leading to rigidity has become a fetish.

There is danger where a form of government exists which has at decreed intervals to render an account of its stewardship, under the unfavourable circumstances of critical barrage from the trained and recuperated units of the opposition aspirants for power. Any increase in unemployment figures, for example, is wielded effectively by the opposition. Is there not here a temptation that the reduction of those numbers by the most facile means available, namely, emigration, may be welcomed by a harassed government, secure in the knowledge that the nature of the solution by which the end is gained will remain concealed from and unquestioned by the bulk of the electorate?

Some little commotion has been made about the defence of our country. As the very definition of "our country" is begged in the issue, we see very little useful purpose in entering into the incipient controversy which, however, we welcome as giving food for thought. Later, perhaps, we shall open our columns to an analysis of the situation in its broadest aspects. One point, however, it behoves us to make and it is a fundamental one. At present there is no independent defence of this country—Ireland, because it is held by two powers, one great, one small, between whom an age-old conflict has not yet been abandoned in full reconciliation. Yet paradoxically, whilst Ireland has never had any other enemy, she is still, in unfreedom, dependent for "security" on this great power. Recently, Germany, against whom we have never had enmity, was refused permission to use Galway as a base for her experimental trans-atlantic flights. There is no national defence problem where there is no recognised nation.

A FOREIGN COMMENTARY

STRANGELY enough, despite the "ephemeral nature of all French governments," despite the "certainty" that either the Radicals or the Communists would cease almost at once to support Blum, both he and his Government are still in power in France. Yet, in his first five months as Prime Minister, Blum has had to deal with some of the most difficult situations imaginable. It is comparatively easy to "muddle through" and to carry on by a process of patchwork legislation, a system of government which has already been functioning for years. British Governments have from time immemorial almost invariably acted upon the basic rule that nothing should ever be done for the first time. With the French Popular Front Government, however, it is different. They were elected expressly *to alter* the system: a task which demands ability far beyond that necessary for muddling through. When to the intrinsic difficulty of successfully carrying out a gradual change in the whole social system, there is added the complication of immensely important international questions to be met and solved, it becomes clear that Blum's task is *not* an easy one. It must be remembered that for him the vital thing is to be able to carry out the programme of internal change for which he was elected. His non-intervention proposal meant simply that France did *not* want to be embroiled in a war, that, all things considered, Spain would benefit by a *loyally applied* international pact, and that the French wanted to allow their Popular Front Government a fair chance to see what it could do, unhindered from without.

* * *

The first steps in the carrying out of these internal changes have already been mentioned here: the Charter of Labour, the nationalisation of armaments, the giving of autonomy to certain colonies. Then came a big programme of Public Works, roads, afforestation, housing and so on. These have been in many cases already started, and vast sums of money are to be spent in this way. Then, for the farmers, came the founding of the Grain Office, which will buy wheat at a guaranteed price varying only between 140 and 155 francs per quintal during the year, where before the prices had varied from 60 to well over 155 francs. Formerly when the small farmer could not afford to store his wheat, he was forced to sell at the lowest price, while the big farmer or the speculator, who could afford to wait, made a pleasant profit. Needless to say, the

big farmers and the speculators are highly indignant at the forming of this Grain Office ; on the grounds that the Government is throwing around money elsewhere, but here exploiting the poor farmer by making him sell his wheat at so low a price. As the *Irish Times* puts it : " His (Blum's) lavishness was just too much for the investing public, whose distrust has been increased by many strikes of recent months. During the last two or three months gold has poured out of France."

* * *

The effect, of course, of the many labour reforms will be the cutting down of the margin of profit in all business concerns. In the case of the big proprietors this will annoy them very much, and they will condemn it as unpatriotic and unchristian, but it will not put them out of business. In the case of the small owners, however, the increase in costs occasioned by paid holidays for the workers, by the compulsory rise in salaries and by the introduction of the 40-hour week, will necessarily hit them very hard. Despite the improvement in trade already seen, and the alleviations agreed on by the Government, many of these small businesses will go to the wall. In their defence there will be an outcry on the part of the big proprietors, for these last prefer to smash the small man without there being any question of Government compensations. They prefer likewise to see the profits of monopolies going entire into their own pockets, instead of partly to their workers and to the State. In most efficiently-run countries to-day the chain-store system, the swallowing-up of small transport companies by large, and what is known as the "rationalisation" of business in general, have all contributed to the crushing of the small man. The same thing has been happening in France, with this exception : that the Government has been insisting that the benefits of monopolies be shared by the State on behalf of the people. The nationalisation of the armaments industry may prove to be only the first of many. . . .

* * *

The control of prices in France has proved extremely difficult. Many commodities soared in price *before* the new laws came into practice. The devaluation of the franc will bring further rises, but this time the Government are better prepared to act against speculators and profiteers. The devaluation itself would appear to have been forced on Blum against his will. It will give him, however, a breathing space during which to set in motion his reforms, before internal prices have found

their level once more. Parallel with the question of devaluation, which the Communists at first opposed, there have been one or two other reasons for dissension between the Communists and the Socialists. First, many of the French Socialists were shocked by the results of the Moscow Treason Trial, secondly the Socialists were attacked for having received Dr. Schacht in so friendly a way. Unlike the Communists, the Socialists believe that there is every reason to be willing to negotiate with Hitler, for all his slowness in coming to any decision. In addition to these two points of difference, the Communists seem in favour of an increased military service in France (in reply to Germany), and they regard the continuance of the non-intervention pact as a betrayal of the Spanish Republic. Such discussions within the ranks of the Popular Front are, of course, hailed as the beginning of the end by its enemies. Unless I am very much mistaken, however, Blum's Government will retain its majority in the parliament for quite a time to come—provided, of course, that there is no recourse to arms on the part of the Right, in the holy cause of democracy.

The dissolved *Croix de Feu* of La Rocque have become the *French Social Party* (humorously termed the "French Socialist Party" by some of our newspapers, so as to get everything clear), which is a political party led in the House and in the street by Henri de Kérillis, Right-wing deputy and leader-writer for the "Echo de Paris." As *Pertinax* he is frequently quoted as typical of French opinion on almost any subject . . . The fear that this party might suddenly forget that it was in favour of constitutional means only, and the fact that many of the army officers in Morocco and Algeria have shown themselves to be distinctly Fascist in sympathy, have led the Government to deal very swiftly with such Fascist incidents as the recent seizing of the Prefecture at Clermont-Ferrand.

* * *

The formation of a Ministry of Leisure was the cause of much amusement in France some months ago, but it has since proved to be one of the most active of all. Its function is to cater for the leisure hours of the people. The leisure created by the 40-hour week is not to be frittered away. During the summer over seven hundred thousand workers took advantage of the amazingly cheap excursions, to the Riviera and other holiday resorts, arranged by this new Ministry. The bargaining power of a Minister who can speak in terms of hundreds of thousands of travellers is immense. This was at once understood not only

by the State railway, but by the private companies and by thousands of hotel-keepers. The Government realises that if the health of the workers and their families is improved by a fixed paid holiday, it is improved far more if such holidays can be spent at the sea or in the mountains, rather than in the native slum. A very dangerous idea of course; people might even suggest its application elsewhere.

Apart from this preoccupation with how the worker spends his holiday, this new Ministry has also launched a vast programme of cheap theatre shows for workers on certain weekdays; cheap, or free, concerts; lectures, exhibitions, cinemas, libraries and so on. Culture is no longer to be an expensive commodity sold by the pound.

* * *

Germany, after having hesitated for a time as to whether she ought to sign the non-intervention pact, on the grounds that it might not be loyally applied, is now wildly indignant that Russia should threaten to withdraw from it unless *her* accusations as to the violation thereof be examined at once by the international commission. If Russia withdraws her signature, says Germany, it means that she is seeking a pretext for war. Could that be what Germany and Italy were doing in the early weeks, when *they* could not be got to sign?

* * *

The news of the Spanish war is on the whole good. The efforts to "humanise" it, for instance, are already bearing fruit. We are now told that the funds collected in Irish churches for medical supplies, are to be used even for the Government wounded, provided that they be Catholic. The Bishop of Galway is my authority. This is a step in the right direction. The difficulty of verifying a wounded man's religion will doubtless be overcome by a little perseverance. One wonders, however, whether it will prove altogether wise to recommend in all cases that we should love and succour our enemies (always provided that they be Catholic, of course); these red savages are so treacherous.

Another good result of the "humanisation" of the war is that many martyrs polished off in a most brutal fashion by the *Independent* have been gallantly resurrected by the *Evening Herald*. The revival, on October 12th of Columbus' lineal descendant, the Marquis of Veragua, was particularly gratifying.

* * *

Belgium's going "neutral" has bewildered the world.

(continued on page 72)

IRELAND'S POPULATION PROBLEMS

I. INTRODUCTORY

The general consternation at the population decline in the twenty-six counties of Saorstát Éireann, shown in the preliminary 1936 Census report, focuses attention once again on this most vital yet most neglected question of Population. Careful estimates issued by the Registrar-General had assessed the mid-1935 figure at 3,033,000 ; an inspired article in one of our leading dailies made a long-distance forecast of 3,300,000 as the Census figure ; yet the result, which is universally attributed to an unrealised volume of emigration to Britain in the past year or more, proved to be 2,965,854 as compared with 2,971,992 in 1926, representing a *decrease* of 6,138 or 0.2 per cent. Therefore the position is 'As you were'—with qualifications.

Subject to these qualifications the position generally can still be studied only in the light of the 1926 figures, since only the numerical changes by sexes are as yet available, and no article of a general nature could be written without such particulars as age-distribution groups, widowhood and orphanhood, and birth, death, marriage and fertility rates. Hence the present review of trends and salient features must necessarily be based on the 1926 Census. Full advantage of the latest figures, however, will be taken wherever they may qualify the former.

Statistically viewed, Ireland's population position is without parallel in any civilised country, yet for obscure reasons, mainly perhaps because of its intimate relation to political and economic causes, the subject has been adroitly relegated to desultory academic discussions and has never been adopted as a major political or national issue. The present thesis is that it has become not only a major, but *the* major issue, transcending in importance even that of Partition. Without the intervention of any political artifice a substantial natural increase of population in the South co-terminous with a continued

decline in the North would, it is felt by certain groups, solve the whole dismemberment problem. In the light, however, of the Census figures and the absence of any appreciable signs of attempted rectification by the State, to await the doubtful advent of such a solution savours somewhat of *laissez-faire*.

Since acquiring a substantial measure of control over domestic issues, successive governments in Southern Ireland seem to have aligned their outlook to a wholly unnatural population position, and to have made their administration conform to conditions that are the negation of efficient rule, ordered society or communal happiness—conditions inherent in the imbalance of our present population position.

Our familiarity with the story of the "Famine" and our consciousness of the annual emigration losses thereafter might have led us to expect that the securing of self-government would be followed by a deliberate effort to redress the abnormal position, but the attitude adopted rather was that our country could not provide even for the attenuated population then in existence, and that not only should emigration be permitted to continue, but that a still greater reduction of population should be a positive aim in order to ensure a higher standard of living for the two million souls who should constitute the elect of the optimum population. One of the supporters of this view a decade ago has attained to a salutary conversion and is now advocating an increased population.

Emigration had ceased in the closing year or so of the previous government in the South, from no conscious effort on Ireland's part and no readjustment of her internal economy, but only because of America's closed gates. Hence the recorded increases that characterised the earlier years of the present Government in no way reflected activity in favour of restoration of population and students of population who view larger numbers with favour felt that vigilance was necessary lest a renewal of the drain should set in if world conditions were to reopen the gates. That the latter came about in an unexpected way has been

proved by the nett loss of 6,000 souls, which may be regarded as equivalent to the emigration to Britain in the last couple of years of nearly ten times that number.

II. DISADVANTAGES OF REDUCED POPULATION

Before proceeding to further detail, it is sought to enlist the sympathy of the reader with our central thesis, by enumerating a few of the disabilities that attend lack of numbers, suggesting *per contra* that in numbers some of the glories and riches we have lacked might be attainable.

(i) She is deficient in man-power for defence against a great Power. This definitely complicates England's attitude towards an independent Ireland, for a free Ireland could easily be seized by an enemy of England and present her with an exposed or hostile flank.

(ii) Weakness in numbers tempts a strong neighbour to adopt a bullying attitude. Could we combine the numbers of our peak year with the resurgent national feeling of the past twenty years, there would be no need for subservient tactics. At times when our relative numbers were more favourable to us, a healthy respect of our powers was engendered in our very practical neighbour.

(iii) Cultural eminence demands certain numbers for propagation. Catering for a poor reading public of three, or even four, millions, cannot compete with the ceaseless outpouring of the presses in England where a well-equipped forty-five millions is but a part of a wide world-market. Not only therefore can we not hope to spread our own culture, but we cannot resist the incoming cultural tide. The community of tongue, superimposed on the soil already prepared by infiltration, intermarriage and a deliberately anglicising education system, ensures that any defences we may have thrown up will be swamped ruthlessly by that tide. Film-goers are in equal case—in the absence of adequate numbers, what our eyes and ears communicate to our brains and hearts will be alien in spirit as in origin.

(iv) Ireland has for long suffered from all the associated evils of population decline, some of which are now but beginning to confront other countries. We have experienced every feature, except perhaps birth-rate decline, such as rapid "senilisation"—the predominance of aged people, the increase in the number of widows, a disproportionately large number of orphans and a redistribution of the age-composition whereby the group 15-45 years becomes depleted.

The effects on our social economy and the cost of our social services have been enormous. Old age pensions, the support of widows and orphans and our general schemes for the relief of the poor have been excessively heavy burdens and the depletion of the 15-45 age group reduces the number of productive

workers to maintain the increasing numbers outside this group. This involves a scarcity of skilled workers, with a consequent rise of wages when demand for them improves.

(v) A depleted population reduces efficiency, for in a modern civilized state, a skeleton administration must be maintained even though population recedes below the limit at which this can be economically controlled. Considerable population increase would necessitate very slight increases in administrative costs, thus greatly reducing the *per capita* burden.

Similarly throughout the whole commercial and industrial fabric of the State, an increased population would contribute to improved efficiency as our depleted population has been steadily detrimental to our efficient working. Our railways, for example, were planned when our population was not only higher, but was expected to increase at the normal rate. None other than the tragic emptying of our countryside has brought about the comedy of our overstaffed and underworked rural stations.

III. RETROSPECTIVE AND GENERAL ANALYSIS

One cannot but regard as reprehensible the inactivity of many bodies of persons in the face of the virtual holocaust of people through disease and emigration immediately following the peak year—1845—of our population and in the face of the continued drain that persisted down to our own time. It is not proposed to dwell on the Famine, but a quotation from the withdrawn Report of the Registrar-General on the 1851 Census Returns (Part V. Tables of Deaths. 1856) will serve to describe its general effects on the community.

“ the closest ties of kindred were dissolved ; the most ancient and long-cherished usages of the people were disregarded ; food the most revolting to human palates was eagerly devoured ; the once proverbial gaiety and light heartedness of the peasant people seemed to have vanished completely, and village merriment or marriage festival was no longer heard or seen throughout the regions desolated by the intensity and extent of the famine ; finally, the disorganization of society became marked and memorable by the exodus of above one million of people, who deserted their homes and hearths to seek for food and shelter in foreign lands, of whom thousands perished from pestilence and the hardships endured on shipboard.”

The nature of the population drain and the hypothetical deficit which resulted may be briefly examined. Ireland, one hundred years ago, represented 5 per cent. of the people of Europe ; now she is less than 1 per cent. Almost step by step

her population had advanced with that of England through the early decades of the 19th century until in 1841 the figures were 8,175,124 and 15,914,148. Scotland's population, progressing much more leisurely was still less than one-third of Ireland's in 1841. It is now greater. The population of Dublin, as also its social life, 150 years ago, classed it as "the second city of the Empire"—a distinction it retained until halfway through the century when Manchester passed it numerically.

At the beginning of the 19th century the density of the population of Ireland was estimated to be greater than that of England, 197 against 189 persons per square mile. This density was difficult to detect since very few uninhabited buildings existed in Ireland, and the small cottages and cabins made little visual impression, whereas in England the opposite conditions prevailed. Urbanization and rural depopulation have advanced in both countries, no less than 73 per cent. of the population of England in 1931 dwelling in towns of 10,000 and upwards. A significant fact is that on this basis the Twenty-six Counties area, with a corresponding 25 per cent. as against 22 per cent. in 1926, have attained, only in 1936, to the degree of urbanization existing in England about 1800. Something can be made of this factor.

Urbanization in itself is not a great evil save when carried to excess. Its danger lies in its influences on life expectation and birth-rate, as also upon such intruded factors as overcrowding and deaths by violence and industrial disease.

Towns generally heretofore have been unable to perpetuate their own stock, three generations being cited as the extinction period in Dublin. Close aggregation and high industrialization have been shown to shorten life by 5 to 9 years, the pace of mortality being vastly accelerated at the two extremes of life. In Ireland (1930) the highest death-rate was in the urban boroughs and the lowest in the almost purely rural areas. Whilst child mortality is higher in towns and town children are smaller than those of agricultural labourers, they nevertheless

secure a degree of immunisation that in a later age-group tends to their advantage as compared with the rural migrant to town ; this is notable in America, where mortality is very high among our emigrants who are unfitted for urban conditions.

There is a greater number relatively of efficient mothers in rural areas, this favourably influencing nutrition and growth, and further, women are more prolific in the country. The healthy stock has always been regarded as that from the country. A problem will now arise when migration to towns tends to slacken off and they must rely mainly upon themselves for maintaining or increasing their population. City-planning, with better provision for sunshine and air, together with slum clearance, may provide the necessary adjustment. One anomaly must be removed. This is that house-room decreases perceptibly as the size of the family increases, for given incomes, so that families with children tend to secure relatively and progressively less food and less houseroom per head than families without children. Attention to this penalising of the *proletarian* class (used literally to mean producers of offspring) is a clamant need. This class is our nursery, our productive arm, our defensive right-hand. Trade and transport depend on their consumption capacity. Many of the evils of to-day derive from their neglect. On the land, their counterpart is the landless proletariat, the agricultural labourer.

On the basis of the pre-Famine population trends, given beneficial government, the retention of measures such as the Corn Laws and freedom from industrial repression—sharing equally with England and other countries in the productivity of the Steam Age—there seems little reason to assume that the normally developed country would not have reached to-day a population of twenty millions or roughly half of that of England and Wales.

The factors controlling population increase are so complex and variable that there seems little use in attempting long-distance forecasting and to my mind, except as a statistical

study, a figure computed on the assumption of one or two factors' remaining static, is without practical value. The highly interesting thesis, elaborated with great care and skill by Mr. R. C. Geary, affords such a computation. On the assumption of constancy of births per 1000 women aged 15-44, absence of immigration or emigration, and mortality as in 1925-1927, he concludes that "the population of An Saorstát is unlikely to exceed 3,700,000 during the next 80 years."

What Ireland's recovery may prove to be in eighty years it is not proposed to examine, for the reasons given at the outset of the last paragraph, but sufficient argument will be adduced to warrant the hope that his figure for the Southern counties may be exceeded at a much earlier date. (His very assumption of the perpetuation of the political division of the country—essential, it is admitted, to his mathematical manner of approach—is a factor of error of the greatest relevancy). What is wanted is someone or some body to combine this brilliant mathematician's ability with the vision of a patriot and the competence and zeal of an enthusiastic, practical, yet imaginative, administrator. We are still waiting.

The question as to the possible limits of our population in the near future or as to our optimum population must be excluded from our present treatment of the subject, but in Section V. which follows, reasons are set forth which encourage the hope that the natural increase of population will resume something like its former rate. Again, elimination of emigration alone is a much greater potential gain than the actual numbers conserved would indicate, because emigrants are virtually all adults of marriageable age (over a 15 year period, 83 per cent. of our emigrants were between the ages of 15 and 35).

IV. VITAL FEATURES

Before proceeding to enumerate the factors which could, under an unrestricted and beneficent government, operate

towards a rapid increase of population, it may be well to indicate the salient features—mostly making us abnormal among the nations—which emerged from the 1926 Census. The corresponding 1936 analyses will be awaited with the most eager interest.

(1) The proportion of persons unmarried at any age is higher than in any other country, the U.S.A. being lowest, and England nearly so. Furthermore, this proportion has been increasing steadily since 1841, in which year, while late marriages seem then also to have been prevalent, nevertheless the actual proportion of married people of middle age approximated closely to the U.S.A. and English figures of to-day. There is indication that a halt has now been reached in this tendency, but indeed it could not well be otherwise.

(2) The intention to emigrate has not been the chief factor in preventing marriages, for, alongside the above tendency, emigration has been slowing off somewhat. Rather in economic conditions is the cause to be sought.

(3) The proportions of married people are highest in the most highly urbanised areas. Hence, aggravating the seriousness of this deplorable feature is the fact that the fewest marriages are among the best stock.

(4) Of all countries, we have proportionately fewer married women under 45 (i.e., of child-bearing age)—only half as many, for example, as the U.S.A. But here, exemplifying the economy of nature that seems always to introduce abnormal adjustments after wars or periods of stress, our women have more children, in proportion, than any other country, the figure being almost twice as high as England's, which, in this respect, is the lowest of seventeen countries. It is further a feature justifying hope that this figure has not varied since 1861, whilst since 1881 or, say, with the coming of "modern" conditions and thought, England's proportion has been steadily falling.

(5) Between the opposing results accruing from greater fertility on the one hand and on the other, fewer and later marriages, a peculiar fact emerges that our number of children under 15 is proportionately normal when compared with twenty-six other countries.

(6) "As the age at which our people marry is so much later than other countries and, accordingly, the death rates of parents of young children are so much greater," we have an abnormal number of orphans. Again: "The lateness of marriage of males, the low death-rates of elderly women, and the fact that the latter are the survivors of a large generation result in a comparatively large number of widows." Hence, although we have fewer marriages, we have more widows.

(7) Again, out of twenty-seven countries, our proportion of persons over 65 is the highest, being practically twice as great as England, Germany, U.S.A. or Australia, while for every old man in South Africa we have three. An important economic condition results. "An old age pension scheme is a

proportionately heavier burden here than in any other country. The more rapidly a population has increased the smaller the proportion of old persons or the more rapidly a population has decreased, the larger the proportion." We have to maintain an abnormally large number of old people.

V. ANTICIPATED FAVOURABLE TRENDS

Questions of increase or decrease in emigration, rural depopulation, tendency to adopt the small family, etc., would necessitate separate treatment. The factors referred to at the end of Section III are as follow :

(a) Increased life-expectation, reaching on Mr. R. C. Geary's showing 70 years during the next 50 years.

(b) Infant and maternal mortality decreasing, the figures for the latter being better in this country than in most where increased operative intervention is being practised.

(c) Death-rate steadily decreasing since 1900, although it has not yet reached the more satisfactory figures of England, Germany, Denmark or even Scotland. Prospects in this connection are much more bright for the next 20 years than during the past, as in the matter of water supplies, hospitalisation, sanitation, slum clearance, a start has been made in breaking down the blighting heritage of past misgovernment ; diseases now associated with overcrowding and under-nutrition will steadily disappear. Dr. Dublin, the celebrated New York investigator, predicts the entire disappearance of tuberculosis by 1980.

(d) Birth-rate, although showing a disquieting drop as between 1920 and 1930, has been virtually static in Ireland from 1880, whereas taking England, Scotland, Germany and Denmark as "normal countries" there has been a steady decline each decade (1880—1930) from a figure very much higher than the Irish rate to one in all cases lower.

Birth-rate, moreover, as Professor Yule showed, as far back as 30 years ago, is "intensely sensitive to changes in national prosperity." If self-government is not expected to bring about a greater degree of prosperity than economic dependence and the subordination of our commercial and fiscal interests to those of a dominant neighbour, then one might understand a pessimistic view as to population.

(e) Economic causes are mainly responsible for obstructing early marriage, high birth-rate and large families. Lack or dearness of houses, resulting in the grim alternative for the prospective couples of living in slums or with their law relations, is a potent cause that is being, and could much more rapidly be, removed. So also the division of land is a fruitful aid towards population increase, a home and free food and fuel being available to the industrious couple.

Marriage rate has often been shown to follow such upward curves as wheat or corn prices. Is it not possible that the downward tendency in marriage,

as in births of the last full decade, is really a temporary depression following the boom conditions in Irish agriculture of 1920, coupled with the internal wars, the departure of British soldiery, the slump of 1930 and onwards, and the inevitable trend of a less meat-eating England?

(f) To economic causes mainly must be attributed the principal emigration drain, viz. in the West. Actually the 1926 Census showed 1,762,335 Irish-born to be in exile. The struggle for existence, the absence of any signs of betterment, the existing emptiness of their dreary acres, which made it more likely to meet their friends and one-time neighbours in a Chicago street than in Mayo, all drove them out. A successfully governed Ireland should result in the repatriation of at least the more recent of these exiles.

That social causes are sometimes paramount is shown by the fact that in the "Famine Years," 1846-1849, the average overseas emigration was *only* 182,000 p.a., whereas in the years 1850-1854, when crop yields were the highest on record, the average was 207,000 p.a. This is partly due to the organizational time-lag but mainly to the general desertion of the countryside and the forming of the *habit* of emigration.

(g) Late marriages are among the most potent causes in lowering our natural rate of increase, the reason being almost entirely economic. Here, pre-eminently the State can influence matters, for insecurity, whether as to continuous employment or to land tenure, is in effect a sterilizing factor. Thus, of farm labourers between 25 and 29, no less than 97 per cent. are unmarried, whereas for the corresponding group of a secure trade, such as railway workers, the figure is about 50 per cent.

(h) Reference has already been made (IV. (4)) to late marriages from the other viewpoint, wherein it was shown that this initial disability is offset by more prolific unions with the result that Ireland leads the list with more children in proportion, whilst England is the lowest of seventeen countries.

(i) The great dread of the "senilising" of populations, according to Dr. Ernest Kahn, preoccupies many countries to-day. This problem also is beginning to face England, whose maximum population is expected to be reached in 1942. Increasing numbers of old people, with an impending sparsity of those in the intermediate years, who are the producers, the fighters, the peoplers of the race—this already is an issue in England. But here we have been "senilised" for decades. Our virile manhood went and was encouraged to go, and a preponderatingly old population was left behind—scarcely enough life to perpetuate the race. Also it must be remembered that America rejected our C3 population—the human livestock they admitted had to reach a high standard. Small wonder then that the aged, the infirm, the crippled were everywhere to be seen, the result being a relatively crushing burden of old age pensions, asylums, hospitals, institutions and social services generally.

In this respect and in the associated phenomena of excessive widow and orphan population, there are indications of improvement, whereas, the contrary tendency begins to set in in England, Germany, etc.

(j) The arrest of the drift townwards of our rural population, which is now taking place, may be just in time to create favourable conditions for population increase. The close aggregation and high industrialization of towns shortens life by 5 to 9 years. The expectation of life for the average man of 45 in Connacht is 29 per cent. longer than for one living in County Boroughs. Our industry is being partially decentralized; and land settlement together with the prospect of a fair afforestation programme will fix the rural population whilst provision of such amenities as electricity and others which public opinion must soon bring about, will all help to stop rural depopulation. Hence, more than at any time in the last 80 years, our population is, so to speak, in process of re-stocking, for here in the West and South are the sources from which the U.S.A., Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool have freely drawn in the past and to which Dublin itself owes its increase (something over 34,364 in the last ten years even though the provinces suffered a less degree of depopulation than almost ever before).

(k) Numerous other factors exist which cannot be enumerated here. Afforestation alone could create new towns, and transport open up new areas. The populous French Riviera is entirely the product of a railway and road communications. Transport also has a direct bearing on marriage-rate.

Of the factors still operating against population increase (i.e., assuming emigration, land insecurity and repressive economic conditions to have been eliminated), the principal in this country are *not birth control*, which is what most people associate with decline, but late marriages and the infiltration of female labour into industry. These are both remediable.

(l) As well as the reconstructive agencies referred to in para. (h) by which nature or Providence tends to rehabilitate the race, hopefully the significance is stressed of the fact that in 1936 for the *first time* since the year of our *recorded* peak population, 1841 (for no doubt an intercensal estimate immediately prior to the Famine must have approached $8\frac{3}{4}$ millions) an increase in the *male* population has been recorded. Also, alone of all European countries, Saorstát Éireann has a preponderance of males over females.

VI. CONCLUSION AND RECOMMENDATIONS

In conclusion, the State, trade, transport, industry—all stand to benefit by rapid population increase. The Church knows that early marriages are happier, more natural, more fruitful and that marriage is the best insurance against crime and disease, that it is in brief the great stabilizer of Society. Both Church and State should co-operate to this end. Native culture and arts cannot thrive without adequate numbers. We cannot defend our shores if our manhood is depleted or effete. Our

national decline indeed was a question of numbers. Industrially and numerically, we rivalled England 150 years ago almost in the ratio of one to two. Our unnatural decline must have had psychological effects more terrific even than those social or economic. Ireland's steadily increasing numerical inferiority must have had much to do with her increasing torpor and apathy in the face of aggression. What more natural than that a weakening of the more extreme political movements should be expected, followed by a consolidation of moderate or only semi-national parties and finally an unabashed parliamentarianism. The conservative pace that followed, the complacency and apathy of the people, the unnatural quiescence in the face of national strangulation and racial extermination, are perhaps attributable more to population decline than to any other factor.

With a view to taking the whole problem in hand, and apart from the acceptability or otherwise of what has been said above, the following recommendations are made, the value of which it is felt will be appreciated by any investigating commission however remote.

(1) Establish a quinquennial census, at least in major matters, thus revealing the true trends at this critical—and it is hoped turning-point period—and incidentally aligning our figures with those of the six counties of Northern Ireland.

(2) Immediate establishment of means to control and assess ALL emigration, including that to the North of Ireland and to Great Britain.

(3) It is suggested that corresponding available data with regard to the Northern six counties might be included in *all* Census returns, not merely in the General Report, so that students (and such administrators as envisage a thirty-two-county to-morrow) might be enabled to study their country as a whole.

JAMES O'DONOVAN

COMMENTARY I. R. C. GEARY

IN the short space at my disposal I may perhaps most usefully comment on some statistical aspects of the population problem, particularly as Mr. O'Donovan has referred to a work of mine on the subject,* in which I made two forecasts of the population of the Saorstat during the next 80 years, one based on the assumption that the annual number of births would be the same as they are at present, and the other on the assumption that the annual number of births per 1,000 women at child-bearing ages (taken as 15-44) would remain constant. The further assumptions were made that the rates of mortality would remain as they were in 1925-27 and that emigration and immigration would be nil. According to the first set of hypotheses there will be a population of 3,300,000 in the year 2016 and according to the second 3,700,000. Mr. O'Donovan finds such computations "without practical value," so I naturally am concerned to defend them even at some length, particularly since his main thesis that "the natural increase will resume something like its former rate" depends on these prognostics being hopelessly wrong.

Reference to my paper will show how these calculations were qualified. "The artificial nature of the assumptions became evident when trends in births, deaths and emigration have been analysed." "To make any more elaborate computations would be to give to these prognostics an appearance of validity which in the nature of things they cannot possess," etc. The fact that for a considerable number of years birth rates and death rates on the whole have not varied much justified the assumption of their continuance at more or less present levels, particularly since errors in such assumptions may be compensatory in their ultimate effect on population. Of course, leaving migration out of account in this country is like the proviso "the weight of the elephant may be ignored" in that famous question in

* "The Future Population of Saorstat Eireann and Some Observations on Population Statistics," *Journal of the Statistical and Social Inquiry of Ireland*, 1935-36, pp. 15-32.

mathematics. The whole point of the computation is that since emigration seems likely to exceed immigration for many years to come, estimates based on the foregoing assumptions tend to be *maximal*. In the light of the 1936 figures which recently became available, it seems unlikely that on present-day trends a population figure of $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions will ever be attained. Mr. O'Donovan would be hard put to it to produce any statistics of birth-rates, death-rates or migration rates in support of his view that a rapid population increase can be brought about. I shall not comment on his suggestion that a mathematician who is also a patriot would produce bigger and better estimates of future population. Impenitently I hope to prepare revised estimates based on the 1936 population when age, sex and life Table data become available.

It is interesting to speculate on the future trends (if left to themselves) of the factors determining population, namely, births, deaths and migration. We may attempt to project past trends into the future. Between 1870-72 and 1910-12 the annual birth-rate declined from 27.6 to 22.8 and this decline was due entirely to a decline in the number of married women at the fertile ages and their increased average age, and not at all to any decline in natural fertility. Between 1910-12 and 1925-27, on the other hand, the decline of 10 per cent. in the birthrate (from 28.8 to 20.6) was due entirely to a decrease in natural fertility: in that fifteen-year interval there was no perceptible change in the proportionate number of married women at the fertile ages, nor in their average age. A small decline in the birth-rate has occurred since 1925-27. The indications generally are that the birth-rate in future years may be slightly lower than its present level.

While an increase in the expectation of life at birth to 70 years may be anticipated during the next fifty years, it should be observed that in the last half century, the improvement has been due principally to the decline in mortality at young ages. Only a small increase in expectation of life has been

recorded at the later ages. Accordingly, prognostications of population based on the Life Table are more reliable at the later than at the earlier ages.

As regards emigration, the rate has steadily declined since the decade 1881-91 to the last intercensal period. The actual figures for average annual net emigration (emigration less immigration) are worth quoting : 16.2 per thousand population in 1881-91, 11.9 in 1891-1901, 8.2 in 1901-11, 7.2 in 1911-26 (allowing for " abnormal " migration) and 5.7 in 1926-36. Even if not interfered with, the rate would probably decline further in the forthcoming decades. This would be in accordance with the theory accepted by many students of this particular aspect of the Irish population problem, that over most of the period since the Famine, emigration has been more in the nature of a force of attraction from abroad than of propulsion from this country. According to this theory, the huge Irish-born populations driven from the country by the Famine attracted tens of thousands of relatives and friends in subsequent decades. As the Irish-born living abroad diminished in numbers so also did this force of attraction. Many of the arguments in support of this theory are given in the work to which reference is made above. It is remarkable that during the last decade, notwithstanding the great increase in industrialisation in the country and the cessation of emigration overseas since 1931, the nature and trend of migration have not altered.

Everyone will agree with Mr. O'Donovan that an increase in the marriage rate and a lowering in the age at marriage are most desirable, though it is necessary to recognise that these desiderata may be most difficult of attainment. With the lowest marriage rate in the world and the highest fertility rate, this country compared with others achieves a more or less average birth rate. An examination of the statistics of many countries yielded the curious result that there was no apparent relation between marriage rate and birth rate, or in other words that there was quite a definite inverse relation between marriage

rate and fertility rate (births per marriage). The same was true of Saorstat counties: where married women were relatively few, births per married women were many, and vice versa. In the light of these results, may it not happen that a marked increase in the marriage rate (resulting perhaps in the marriage of infertile persons) might not be accompanied by a proportionate decrease in the birth rate?

I doubt whether State action, which Mr. O'Donovan seems to favour, can be utilised to bring about a rapid increase in population. In Germany and Italy, where strong population policies have been promulgated, the birth rates last year were still substantially below what they were ten years ago and pre-war. The figures are : Germany 18.9 (1935) compared with 20.7 (1925) and 29.5 (1908-13) ; Italy 23.1 (1925) compared with 27.8 (1925) and 32.4 (1909-13). In the Saorstat the decline was only from 22.8 (1910-12) to 19.2 (1935). In interpreting these figures it will be borne in mind that in 1935 the Saorstat marriage rate was only half that of Germany and two-thirds of that of Italy.

The forces which control population are most mysterious and, until they are better understood, any attempt to interfere with them requires the most careful consideration. Most Irishmen will, however, accept it as axiomatic that no further decline in population should be allowed to occur and will be able to adduce excellent economic arguments in support of such a view. Without interference, it seems likely that in this as in other countries no permanent movement in population will take place which is inconsistent with a rising *average* standard of living unless of course a major cataclysm occurs. Mr. James Meenan has suggested that the increase in the age at marriage in this country has been due partly to the desire to achieve a suitable standard of living and that people's ideas here of what constitutes a suitable standard of living are based on those of England and the U.S.A., where that standard is particularly high. This may explain the migration trends as well. There is

little doubt, at any rate, that during the last century the average standard of living in this country increased from being one of the lowest to one of the highest in Europe.

Most students of population problems will endorse Mr. O'Donovan's suggestion, which is advocated by statisticians all over the world, that a quinquennial Census should be instituted while recognising that Censuses are costly affairs. With regard to his second suggestion, that emigration to all countries should be measured, the recent Census has made evident the need of statistics of migration to Great Britain and Northern Ireland at annual or shorter intervals. Whether the resulting figures will be worth the trouble of requiring each of the 450,000 or so passengers who travel each year to Great Britain to fill up a form giving the necessary particulars is a question for the authorities to determine. In connection with his last suggestion, that comparable figures for Northern Ireland should be published in connection with the Census, he will have noted many such comparisons in the General Report (Vol. X) of the 1926 Census. No doubt the same policy will be adopted at the 1936 Census although the Northern Census will not be taken until next year.

COMMENTARY II. DR. FRANK KANE

WITH the contentions of this article we must agree. We must increase our population, we must get the necessary popular basis for a national life, full culturally and materially. We must, too, remember that the position is desperate, not alone for us but for all Europe, and as Europeans we must make our contribution to the salvation of a common culture from the disaster of depopulation. Whatever the cause of our plight, we must seek it. The position is desperate, we must think.

Our thinking must be fresh—clearly the thought spent hitherto on the subject has been sterile—and one requisite for clear thinking is stark before us. We must ignore economists.

Those silly mock-scientists have hitherto almost monopolised consideration of this problem and with their brainless and soulless abstractions "economic man" and "high standard of living" have stamped popular opinion with the fallacy that the fewer we are the better off we are. Not till they learn to speak of "a high standard of thinking" or "a high standard of happiness," must we again listen to them. For reproduction is not an economical business—not even with respect to our bodies. It is wasteful in the million spermatozoa liberated on the off-chance of fertilising a single human ovum, wasteful in the thousand ova freed by each woman during her child-bearing life, still wasteful when, that improbable chance of fertilisation having happened, the foetus, grown at its mother's peril, is forced with violence through a too narrow tunnel into a coldly indifferent world. A world to which the child is so ill-adapted that for the first hour of its life it faces more danger than it will ever again meet even on a battlefield. Even then this precarious being is unfit for life. It must be cradled with the whole care of its mother for months—it must be guarded by a family for years and by society for decades before it can give its moderate return for the care lavished on it.

The bearing and rearing of a child is a costly business. That cost as we see falls on the mother, the parents and the State. How is the cost apportioned? Is it at present equitably levied? Will a readjustment of the costs increase the readiness of any party to assume the burden of parenthood? These are the questions we must study. They are relatively simple questions, and it should be easy to find approximate answers. Let us take the parents first.

Clearly the immediate biological costs of pregnancy fall on the mother—these we can hardly assess, but if she is an employed worker we can determine the financial costs. They are high; under the best possible conditions she must lose a quarter of her annual wage during the year of her confinement, and with moderate ill-luck, either in her employer or confinement, she

will lose much more. With the other parent the biological costs are negligible, but by being the money provider, the financial costs are more readily obvious. The growing child—prodigal of footwear, of clothes and of food—costs as much to feed and clothe as the abstemious adult, his medical costs may well be higher and his educational costs may be inflated to staggering proportions by an educational system which demands high fees in return for the social prestige attached to some schools. To the state the costs are slight: ours gives to its income-tax paying parents a relief in taxation of £13 10s. 0d. annually for each child—a very inadequate figure; to the parent who can barely maintain themselves it gives that minimum of hospital accommodation and medical attention which public opinion deems necessary for the prevention of epidemic disease.

The returns for these expenses are curiously apportioned. The mother gets a child to fondle, the father perhaps a competitor in his wife's affections, the family a liability for many anxious years, the state gets a citizen to maintain, propagate and protect it—its very existence in fact. No arrangement could be less equitable in its profits and losses. Is it any wonder that the family should lose enthusiasm for this part of the social contract and, slacking its efforts, imperil the state? The obvious injustice has attracted statesmen and all efforts to promote fertility have been concerned with a readjustment of costs in favour of the family. This has been attempted in three main ways either by the remission of taxation, the giving of family bonuses in cash or kind or by the giving of marriage bonuses.

Consideration of the first type of inducement to parenthood brings home immediately the fallacious simplicity of this approach to the problem. The direct taxes are those collected from the relatively wealthy and the relatively wealthy don't have many children as a rule, the indirect taxes are those levied on the poor and the poor bear the bulk of our children—yet the indirectness of the taxation renders its direct remission impossible. Nevertheless this mode of inducing fertility is practically the only one

in the English-speaking world. Its popularity is difficult to explain except in terms of histrionics—it is almost certainly completely ineffective—even if its object were just the stimulation of the fertility of a very limited class. The next method (of family bonuses) has been tried on a fairly extensive scale—in the form of an additional wage to parents, it forms part of the social legislation of France, Belgium and Australia, and of the relief legislation of most countries. The various schemes are well worth examination, but here we can only mention their failings. They cannot be arranged to cover large families with justice, they tend to favour small families and they provoke antagonism between the employees of industries (for they tend to find application in the heavy as against the light industries). In short they are inadequate and it is difficult under our present financial system to see how they can be improved without the great cost appearing in the budget. That apparently would destroy the confidence which a comparable expenditure on armaments provides. Finally there are the more subtle inducements to parenthood—marriage bonuses. This is quite a recent technique. It consists in giving an inducement to marriage by a lump sum—arranged to furnish a home, as in Germany—or a salary increase as in our own Civil Service. These methods are too recent for their effects to be considered. The German bonus showed its effects immediately on the furnishing trade—whether it affected the population curve is very doubtful. The figures from our own experiment are unknown to me—but I have not noticed any effect on the fancies of my acquaintances in state service. To wind up the list of inducements we must include that offered in Italy—a signed photograph from Mussolini to the father of each sufficiently large family. I would not wonder if it were the best inducement of all—for with a flash of genius it mocks money values.

It seems that only by some such method can people be spurred to parenthood. The mere cash inducement fails; contrary to Malthus' teachings the provision of extra subsistence is now

ineffective ; the call to social duty fails, and no sane person could expect it otherwise when that duty is so obviously to provide a bitter war sacrifice. The search for effective inducement must lead to a consideration of the time when the soaring populations terrified Malthus. Was it the provision of more food, of more money, or just a selfish insurance for a pensionless old age which brought that flood of children. Dare we see in it a manifestation of hopeful security? Of a conviction that the child would have a chance and not be wasted in war and unemployment? It would be perilous to decide on a mere recitation of possibilities. But the curious case of Sweden may help us. Here in a country in many ways comparable to ours we find an anomaly of vital statistics. The birth rate of the educated classes is higher than that of the uneducated classes. This is a most striking fact, and at the moment of the greatest hope. It goes to show that the paradoxical opposition between opportunity and performance is not necessarily complete. How this good end is achieved, whether by chance or by the determination of an intelligent people is a matter of the most profound importance to us. We may study it with hope.

COMMENTARY III. JAMES MEENAN

MR. O'DONOVAN's article reflects the general disappointment caused by the preliminary Census Report. We have been accustomed for so many decades to regard emigration to America as the source of all our demographic evils that it was only natural to interpret its cessation during the last six years as the first stage in the growth of our population. In these years, moreover, the economy of the Free State has been altered by a degree of industrialisation which might have been expected to retain at home many whose services would formerly have been lost to their country. Capital expenditure on enterprises such as the Shannon Scheme or the grandiose

undertakings of the Hospitals Trust is evidence of a firm confidence that the population of this country might reasonably be expected to increase. That confidence was perhaps but the outward sign of a hope, shared by many though their aspirations varied greatly, that the first decades of regained liberty would show as brilliant a period of national efflorescence as that of Greece after Salamis or England after the Armada. Since the most grievous incident of the Union had been the continued decline of our population it was but natural that the arrest and reversal of that trend should be the first and most striking symbol of revival. Nevertheless, the Preliminary Report shows the population of the Free State to be slightly below its level in 1926, and appreciably below that of 1922. It must seem to many as if autonomy has no sovereign touch for economic sickness.

It may be suggested, however, that the expectation, thus widely shared, of an increase in population rests upon assumptions which were, and indeed still are, too readily accepted. In the first place we were perhaps too ready to regard emigration as a result of foreign rule which would disappear, with so many other of the less pleasing features of the national life, almost automatically upon the restoration of freedom. It was not realised, that is to say it was not generally realised, that so large and so constant a displacement of population would inevitably create and strengthen ties which would attract emigration to other countries long after its stark necessity had ceased. Neither was it remembered that one of the leading characteristics of the Irish race has been a migratory quality unequalled by few other nations. *Quae regio in terris . . . ?* is perhaps too hackneyed a question to be asked here, but repetition does not stale its historic justification. The assumption, in short, was too easily made that emigration was the sole cause of demographic decline and that a few years of freedom would eradicate it. An attempt will be made in this contribution to show that the causes are to be found elsewhere.

Furthermore, underlying that expectation of a quasi-automatic increase of population, was to be found a feeling that the normal trend of population in any country was to increase. That feeling was natural enough in the last century during which the number of inhabitants of the earth grew with a rapidity for which no parallel can be found in recorded history. It is yet widespread and it would seem to influence Mr. O'Donovan's article. But nowadays it is not justified nor can any argument for its survival be drawn from the demographic statistics of any civilised country. The continued decline of the birth rate will, within two or three decades, lead to the end of population increase in each and every nation, though of course, perhaps unhappily, their various trends may not be coincident in time. That cessation of growth will be succeeded by a rapid decline. It does not appear that there is any escape from this prospect, as long as present trends continue, for even the attempts of the dictators in Italy, Germany and Russia have served merely to arrest (to no great extent) and not to delay the fall of the birth rate. It would perhaps be better, therefore, to regard our population problem in terms of the present rather than of the past century. The prospect of a population standing at the same or at best a slightly higher level in 1946 as it does to-day will certainly not excite enthusiasm. Nevertheless we may perhaps find reason for congratulation if such should turn out to be the case. Certainly if population in this country should increase in a measure even remotely resembling what appears to be in Mr. O'Donovan's mind, then Ireland will be as great a demographic phenomenon in the twentieth century as it unhappily was in the nineteenth.

The trend of population, if so trite a remark will be excused, will depend upon (a) the extent of the natural increase and (b) the balance of migration. It may be found more convenient to take the latter first. It is well known that while emigration to the United States has almost ceased during the last five years, there has been an increasing volume of migration to Great

Britain. This new emigration shares all the vicious qualities of the old ; it is an emigration of individuals not of families and it is composed of individuals in the younger age-groups. The toll of our population which is taken by it is estimated in the preliminary Report as about 18,000 per annum, but it will, one thinks, be generally agreed that it has increased in the last two years and is still increasing. Mr. Geary, in the paper to which reference is made by Mr. O'Donovan, has noted certain considerations which may in the future lead to a resumption of emigration from this country to the United States. It is very possible, granted his premises, that there may be such a resumption and the prospect is not encouraging. But it is quite certain, in view of the present economic, and political, position of Great Britain, that emigration thither from this country, in the absence of a complete prohibition by the Irish Government, will increase still further in the course of the next few years. The further prospect, however unpleasing, must be envisaged that, in the absence of any major cataclysm, it is likely to remain high all through the century.

Moreover, this emigration is not and will not be of a type which amelioration of conditions here will influence to any great extent. An emigrant from Ireland in 1936 does not leave his country for the same reasons that drove the emigrant of 1856 to America. Then emigrants left because in truth there was no place for them at home. The clearances of estates, and other incidental effects of the Agricultural Revolution, drove them out. Those causes of emigration have long ago ceased to operate, but they have been replaced by others. The emigrant to-day will go when conditions abroad (that is to say, at present, England) appear more promising than those at home. It is undeniable that at present they are more promising. The standard of wages is far higher than in our rural areas ; there is a demand, which will increase in the next few years at least, for labour ; and if the worst comes to the worst, the scale of relief is greater than it is, or ever can be, here. The amenities of

life, as they are defined every day in this country by the popular press, are infinitely better and more easily procurable than they are here. If to these considerations be added a similarity of language and a proximity of distance, the volume of emigration to England is only too easily explicable. In short if the initial premiss, that the present standard of living in Great Britain will be maintained, is once granted there would appear to be no reason why the number of emigrants to Great Britain should not increase. People, after all, have naturally the urge to better their position and that urge leads them to Liverpool as it did a generation ago to New York. We have taken our ideas of what should be the proper standard of living from England and the United States; we have no right to complain if people should go where there is the greatest opportunity of attaining that standard.

Logically there does not appear to be any measure which could stop this drain unless the extreme step of imposing a prohibition or at least a quota upon emigration. There are obvious, and justifiable, objections. In the first place to do so would be to give too much power to even the most democratic government. In the second place, granted the existence of a land border, such a scheme would be unworkable unless we were prepared to follow the example of those happy dictatorial lands whose frontiers are girded with wired fences and military patrols to prevent people getting out. The final objection is the most devastating—that there is no reason to suppose that the retention of would-be emigrants would increase the marriage rate. As Mr. O'Donovan has properly remarked, there is no relation between the rate of emigration and the marriage rate. The rate of emigration has steadily declined, with the exception of the abnormal period between 1911 and 1926, since the eighties. At the same time the proportion of persons married in the younger age-groups has dwindled to such an extent that no further diminution is conceivable. The average age at marriage has increased and is now about five years later, both

for males and females, than that in England and Wales. The crude marriage rate is the lowest in Europe—a distinction which it has always enjoyed. Even at its highest, in 1920, it was markedly below that of any other European country. It is clear that it would be misleading to regard its low level as being directly caused by emigration. We must look elsewhere.

The factors which would make towards a low marriage rate are only too numerous, and it would be impossible to enumerate them all in this article, even if it were suggested, which it emphatically is not, that the marriage rate is of supreme importance in our demographic problem. There are first some minor factors. The comparatively late age of entrance into gainful occupation must help to postpone the age at which marriage becomes possible. The extraordinarily high percentage of widows and orphans in the population, a percentage abnormal even in comparison with countries which still bear the traces of war in their age-grouping, must mean a correspondingly high proportion of individuals who must look to the support of their own families. One might mention also that not the least of the reasons for the disparity between the Irish marriage rate and that of other countries must be the higher fertility rate of marriages here.

But a far more important influence upon the marriage rate is the agricultural nature of the country. It is of course natural that marriage should come later among an agricultural than among an industrial people. The nature of the occupation binds the family together for a longer period and its members are later in setting up on their own. Life moves more slowly and one must wait for the death of a parent or until a farm falls vacant. So much, with other kindred factors, is common to all agricultural nations. A further factor is at work in the Free State in so far as subdivision is prohibited under the Land Acts. In the rural economy which they have created the multiplication of farms, and the increase in the number of families, are impossible. The effect of these Acts has been to stereotype the size of holdings

(if an obvious generalization be permitted) ; it is equally true that they have stereotyped the numbers of the rural population. In the average family on an Irish farm one son marries (generally late) and the rest emigrate. A century ago each one of them would, through some form of subdivision, have set up for himself. It is instructive to note the impetus given to population by the prosperity of the Napoleonic Wars and its total absence in the last war.

It should be said at once that this is not put forward with any intention of advocating subdivision and a return to the semi-savagery of the pre-Famine period. Its point lies in the fact that our rural economy does not encourage any rapid expansion of population.

Reference should be made in passing to another result of this feature of our national life, i.e., the strength of family ties in this country. It is common, on farms up and down the country, to meet a number of unmarried brothers and sisters who have remained upon the holding. It is possible that the reluctance, thus exemplified, to break the ring of the family persists to a degree amongst those who have left the countryside for the cities. Certainly one may say that the average age at which an individual leaves the family is far later in Ireland than it is in England or indeed in many agricultural countries.

There are other factors which cannot be discussed in a contribution already far longer than it should be—factors arising both from economy and from psychology. But consideration even of these mentioned above must lead to the conclusion that something more than administrative measures would be necessary in order to make any change. Mr. O'Donovan perhaps puts too much faith in such measures. They deal in this case with a department of social life which is almost impervious to compulsion. One will agree at once that administrative measures may do something to encourage the growth of population. But it is very doubtful, to say the least,

if they could ever encourage any significant increase in population. If such increase should come it will be occasioned by a change of values, that is to say a change of mental outlook, and not by encouragement or even quasi-compulsion on the part of the State.

It should be said in conclusion that, although any rapid growth of population appears to be most unlikely, there is no reason to anticipate a further decline such as the past few decades have witnessed. The really remarkable feature of the paper read by Mr. Geary before the Statistical Society was the manner in which, in a number of countries, the fertility rate was shown to have an inverse relation to the marriage rate. This relation would be still more interesting if it should be shown to exist over a period of time. Nevertheless its immediate interest lies in the manner in which the high Irish fertility rate is shown to compensate for the low marriage rate. The possibility of a decline in the fertility rate cannot be excluded, but it is not the less possible that an equilibrium has been established which will at least maintain our population. It is submitted by the present writer that this equilibrium is attainable in spite of the existence of a volume of emigration. There is nothing to show that the retention of would-be emigrants at home would have any appreciable effect upon the vital rates. The comparative cessation of emigration in the past six years has not been reflected in those rates. But one cannot agree with Mr. O'Donovan's expectation of a rapid growth of population, and any but a very slight increase appears impossible unless every institution is altered as radically as the mind of every person in the country.

JAMES MEENAN

SPRING SONG

Now ready Meath with barley field for sowing,
as peasant courtship for hard exultant mating,
but do not speak of these to us
whose downcast eyes avoid the flash of buds.

Tell only of our sorrow and our unresting,
of echoes that twitch our spines despite us,
as we crumble in sunlit offices and bedsinning rooms
beasts and flowers mean nothing to us.

Tell only of our sorrow and our despair :
that many lives have lived our lives many times,
that we bring nothing new to the face of things
who lean on winds and beseech the upland air.

The upland air our hiking party breathes,
the picnic fields where one of us went missing,
one we found face down among the grasses
and tiptoed away, and left him to his weeping

Slowly . . . and retraced the opal dimming lough
flanked by rusty turbines, to the bus :
Slowly, and we laughed that love is weary, wearisome,
beasts and flowers mean nothing to us.

CHARLES EWART MILNE

COMPOSITION AND THE FOLK IDIOM

IT is with a certain feeling of envy that an Irish musician listens to a debate on literary themes. In a recent issue of *IRELAND TO-DAY*, for instance, we read that a literature must begin in "folk," but that the Irish drama has remained in "folk." Lucky partisans of Irish drama who, in the ensuing fray, can hurl Synge and Murray and Corkery at their adversaries' heads. Putting the word "music" in the place of "literature" and "drama," we may agree as to the folk-beginning, but as for the folk-remaining—there is no Synge to pit against an imaginary Yeats, in fact there are neither names nor works to argue with. We are still in the palaeolithic period, with our implements of crude stone, awaiting the birth of a new era.

Some are content, in fact the gospel is being preached that music here must remain in the palaeolithic stage. We read that "the Irish idiom expresses deep things that have not been expressed by Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, Elgar or Sibelius—by any of the great composers"—an attitude which the stone-men might well have taken up against the bronze-men. It simply amounts to saying that Ballydehob is not Leipzig, Vienna, London or Helsingfors, or perhaps it is a little worse, for it also contains the sinister implication that Ballydehob is a more praiseworthy place, without need of such ideas as have gone to make these foreign centres. If the argument were pushed home, we are asked to believe that the production, or rather arrangement of folk-tune No. 4001 is of greater value than the production in Ireland of a fully-fledged symphony which has none of that mysterious thing called the "Irish idiom." Given the option, I for one would stand for the production of a symphony, no matter how much its lack of the familiar idiom aroused the traditionalists' wrath, for the simple reason that we have literally thousands of folk-tunes, but we have no symphonies. For the further reason that it is a narrow outlook which judges in

art, not by the quality of the work *per se*, but by its conformity or non-conformity to some fixed and immutable code, in this case a set of mannerisms which, superficial things in themselves, spring from deeper and more vital sources, and are as unimportant in proportion to the latter as the skin is to the mind. Superficialities of idiom can be imitated by writers who lack all depth of natal feeling, and again, amid a complete absence of any particular set of mannerisms, the most profoundly national music can come to life. Sibelius is the stock example.

The Irish idiom which is the Koran of the new creed was no source of conscious vanity to the bards of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These ingenuous souls wrote whatever came into their heads, and the idiom they did in fact develop was the result of a whole series of factors—type of instrument, degree of manual dexterity, level of technical knowledge, social environment and (in a whisper) partiality for the Italian school of Corelli and Scarlatti. According as these or any other factors varied, obviously the idiom would have to change. Yet, after a lapse of two centuries, when a new people has emerged from the old chaos, when in the meantime the whole planet of music has whirled itself into hitherto unimagined regions, we are calmly asked to produce music having the idiom which arose amid the depressed conditions of these ancient forebearers of our music.

Novelty in art, we are told, is mere vulgarity. Not only is novelty not vulgarity, it is one of the foremost essentials of art, for without novelty, that is, the reaching out after what is yet unexpressed, the utilisation of ever wider resources, art becomes a stagnant bye-pool, out of contact with the onrush of life, stale and formalised. Without novelty we have atavism, in the sense of ancestor-worship which precludes all development—"what was good enough for the bards is good enough for us." Under fire of this argument we are urged to satisfy ourselves with pastiche, to employ ourselves in dishing up old tunes, either by a process of close imitation or by a process of arrangement in four fraternal parts. Such work may be excellent of

its kind, but it is still folk-music. Faced with no other vista for composition than the same array of these old tunes "fading for ever and for ever as we move," it is hard but to recall Wilde's dictum that all repetition is anti-spiritual, dulling the mind, eating up its energy. Pastiche will not lead us on the way to a school of composition, but a new effort to take up the thread where Stanford left off, for he, at any rate, worked up Irish folk song into the larger forms.

Stanford stands condemned, but not altogether for the right reason. We can less reproach him for embodying teutonic and romantic elements in his treatment of Irish material (it was the Victorian *Zeitgeist*) than for the fact that if one were to extract the Irish melodies from the majority of his works nothing individual or significant would remain, apart altogether from what might be conceived as genuinely indigenous. Stanford's fallacy lay in the assumption that by taking Irish airs whole and entire and ramming them into symphonic structures he was developing Irish composition. The antidote to this fallacy we shall consider later, but it was at any rate a more welcome method of approach than the approach of those who neither know nor advocate the breadth of craftsmanship and design which Stanford admittedly possessed. It is easy to develop into an Irish composer by taking a few Irish airs and dressing them up in the conventional way, just as it is easy to pass off on the stage as an Irishman by donning the kilt or the bawneen and speaking with a strong Kerry accent. How much more difficult it is to be Irish, intrinsically and organically, without any parade of the exterior trappings. Again to talk about composition in Ireland and in the same breath to identify it with the problem of what must or must not be done in the treatment of Irish airs is to take the cart (or rather its contents) for the noble beast of locomotion. 'We have been told, and we have agreed so often that what remains of the music of the past is to be the dominating influence for purposes of inspiration and perspective, that to repeat it once more, is to beat the air with

a large and vainglorious shillelagh. Talking thus, about the folk-beginning, will soon come to mean a permanent folk-remaining, and if we continue to concentrate on the now age-old theories regarding the modes and the twists and the turns rather than on the large necessities of the universal craft, we are simply insisting on a limitation of the horizon's sweep, in fact inviting a good thick fog to settle comfortably about our very doorsteps.

However strong the urge to invoke a host of symphonists, wearing Russian top-boots, Italian mustachios or an Oriental smile as long as they *can* write symphonies, it is highly improbable that a symphony should be written here which would be anything but Irish, that is, if it were a genuine work. The true artist cannot help being moved by his environment, cannot help expressing it in a thousand subtle details, but these details cannot be imposed upon him by an existing code, or any hue and cry. Nothing fetters the process of creation more than the consciousness of scowling canons emanating from some antique creed. And this will be the difficulty of any composer here who may work himself to the fore—that he will be assessed by rule of thumb (if he is assessed at all), by a criterion which will look for superficial mannerisms and ignore the fundamentals. Leaving criticism aside—the least important leaf in any artist's notebook—a would-be composer here has a thorny path to tread, in seeking out his medium, in linking hands with tradition and all it has to give, while at the same time keeping pace with contemporary technical evolution. A young man who has passed through his years of schooling and now masters his craft, cannot evade a momentous and somewhat bewildering issue. Either he has to choose the vocabulary of a pre-war generation, contriving to make it personal, or else he has to plunge into the principles of Schönberg or Milhaud and let loose a series of atonal or polytonal profundities on the astonished ears of a public acclimatised to Moore. Considering the anomaly of our present position, one feels inclined to favour the first and more cautious policy, for in seeking a new tradition, uncertain of our very footing, we must make good the breach

with the past before we strike out apace. The obvious starting-point is some seventy years back, where folk song first vitalised Russian music sufficiently for it to crack the classical mould. We would do well for a generation, perhaps even for less—within a composer's single period—swiftly to accomplish that evolution between the cradle of modern music and its present stature, so that we could safely say our feet were well implanted, firmly enough to stand the stress and strain of any future periods of experiment.

But here already we are face to face with the upholders of traditionalism, and also with the modern theorists. The former hold that when the vehicle used for the presentation of the Irish idiom is that of the continental composers or their schools, "the Irishman is conscious of a clash of values, a struggle for mastery, and he rejects the presentation as 'wrong.'" "Wrong" then are the achievements of the Russian school, of the Czech school, of the Hungarian school, for the composers of all these schools have presented the folk idiom of their several countries precisely in this way. The vehicle, i.e. the broad technical principles on which the works of the national schools are based do not differ in their essentials, it is in the quality, the spirit that they differ, and they are all equally remote from the primitive folk stage. Neither Borodin nor Moussorgsky feared to present the Russian idiom in symphonic form, and if they had avoided a possible clash between unadulterated folk song and sophisticated technique, we should not have occasion to talk about Russian music—or folk music—now.

Modern theorists, however, present us with a thornier problem when they hold—with Constant Lambert in his "Music Ho"—that weakness in formal structure inevitably results from the use of folk song. Once one has played a folk tune through, there is nothing to be done but to play it through again. Accordingly, though the folk song influence was virile enough to disrupt classicism, the shortwindedness in construction which it brought about prevented any laying of basic foundations for the national schools, such as had upheld the classical German

school which preceded them—and hence, perhaps, twentieth century chaos. On the other hand, the mere fact that the Russian composers, pioneers though they were, showed laxity in form does not necessarily mean that the folk song influence was alone responsible. Many of their leading men entered late into the craft—Borodin the chemist, Cui the engineer, Moussorgsky the Government official—and nowhere does lack of an early training show itself more clearly than in form. Again the sense of novelty in the use of folk song material may have induced an excess of attention to the form of the folk tune, and an insufficiency of attention to the more urgent needs of the organic structure as a whole. If a composer is filled with such homage for a tune that he lacks the heart to break it up into its component parts, so much the worse for him, but there seems little reason why folk song material, used cunningly, kaleidoscopically, should bring on asthma, no matter what the style or school—impressionistic, neo-classical, realistic or expressionistic. This is precisely where Stanford failed, in his inability to knead and mould the raw material so that it became indistinguishable from the fabric into which it was being wrought. This is where the Czech school, and notably Dvorak, went one better than the Russians, and this is where a new school might first achieve definite results, producing an early crop of works in which the folk song, its body and spirit, would be the all-pervading sap.

At the moment however we are so obsessed with the folk idea that we have forgotten the necessity for motion, and almost lost the use of our feet. In the last issue of *IRELAND TO-DAY* we are asked whether Irish music will arise “from an academic study of all the complexities and experiments of modern harmony and musical forms” or from “Irish children saturated with our traditional melodies, from village glees, country church choirs, and peasant fiddlers.” The answer is that neither children, country church choirs nor peasant fiddlers (nowadays) are in the habit of creating music, that folk music and art music are two parallel streams, that they may interact up to a point

but that the propagation of the one does *not* lead to the development of the other. In Sweden, Holland and Denmark folk song is more live to-day than it is in England or in Germany, and probably has been for several centuries, without having the slightest influence on the art music of these countries, which has remained in an embryonic stage. A widespread cult of folk song is an excellent thing in itself, but it is also an end in itself, and is not the stepping stone by which an easy transition may be gained into the remoter sphere of art music. All the inspiration which an outpouring of folk song might give to a sensitive composer are without effect if the composer is not equipped to express what he hears in his own all-embracing medium. Vaughan Williams and Bela Bartok have derived their material from folk-sources, but their work has evolved from the study, academic or non-academic, of these "complexities and experiments of harmony and musical forms" which can be so comfortably dismissed in so many words. What is more, it is by virtue of these complexities and experiments, in short by their craftsmanship that they have become known and made their countries' idiom known, and if they had never heard a folk tune to inspire them they would have been great composers still, perhaps of no national school, but of one school or another.

One suspects a philosophy which preaches pleasant doctrines. The advocates of the traditional outlook quoted from relieve their devotees of all hard labour, of prolonged dealings with contrapuntal and fugal intricacies, of the study of the musical literature of the past, not to mention that of contemporary movements. A few folk tunes, as much knowledge of composition as may be gained in an elementary harmony class, and for their purposes the equipment of the youthful prodigy is complete. He can be sent out to missionarise, as an authority and a composer, while, but for this outlook, the technique of Europe awaits his beck and call, for him to acquire if he had the brains and the will. There is no barrier to the sudden development here of the technical and spiritual activity of a great music-producing country, as far as intellectual potentialities

are concerned. Why this has not happened, and will improbably happen, is due to the general apathy, the general unconsciousness of such a possibility, and the general ignorance of the means by which it might be brought about. How a single individual can with early training in proper hands accomplish that evolution may be seen in the work of the Dublin composer, Mr. Frederick May, which illustrates a clear jump, in a short period, from folk song and Stanford to Vaughan Williams and Sibelius. Granted that the machinery of experience here is considerably restricted, we might yet see a flock of composers spring from the soil, if the incipient eagerness of younger generations were not dulled by the lotus-eating tenets of the traditionalists.

In some respects the composer in Ireland has an advantage over the poet or novelist. Standards in music may be at zero level, the appreciative public may be of negligible proportions, but the composer is at any rate spared the appalling problem as to whether he will write in Irish or in English, whether he will join the Neo-Anglo-Irish group or their adversaries. Unless his music is confined to arrangements of traditional tunes, or at most to sets of variations on these tunes, he may indeed risk being classed by the rank and file as Anglo-Irish, even as anti-Irish. But the intelligent will realise that his music has wrought itself free from the trammels of the folk-beginning, and that the expression of his environment will less depend on patent devices borrowed from the traditional idiom as on some undercurrent, some indefinable hue which will be of deeper origin than these. He may come under the influence of some passing style, but this influence will as easily be French as it will English, and if English it will not bear with it the bitter associations which English influence recalls in Irish literary history of the past hundred years. It can be the composer's task—and he may fulfil it with greater ease than the writer—to express the soul of that elusive entity in the nation's being, call it the "hidden Ireland" or what you will—it is yet an exile from its rightful place, awaiting—perhaps, the composer to place it there.

ALOYS FLEISCHMANN

AGRICULTURE IN THE MODERN STATE

IN an historic sentence Lord Chesterfield foretold the coming of the French Revolution a generation before its outbreak. "All the symptoms," he wrote on December 25th, 1763, "which I have ever met with in history previous to great changes and revolutions in government now exist and daily increase in France." Few, even among statesmen to-day, can hope to foresee with equal clarity the outcome of the political movements of our age, but none the less these words of Chesterfield serve as a reminder of the reward that awaits the careful analyst of contemporary tendencies. After all the interest in politics lies not in the excitement of its daily sensations, but in the observation of its prevailing currents. In our generation though we may be unlikely to minimise the significance of the post-war revolutionary unrest in Europe, yet we may well ignore those portents which foretell changes in institutions and in social life; and which men of the future may regard as marking an epoch in human history.

In Ireland it seems probable that the future of Agriculture will raise the most far-reaching issues both in economic organisation and in social policy. This is so for reasons that are both local and international. At home, agriculture is the largest and most important industry whilst at the same time its future is giving cause for anxiety throughout the world. Nothing is more significant in the post-war era than the rapidity with which agriculture has become a *problem* in every country. A civilization predominantly urban in outlook is learning to speak of farmers as it speaks of the unemployed. Both suggest the existence of an unsolved problem in economic organisation. Consequently in Germany, in the U.S.A., in Great Britain and elsewhere recent years have witnessed a series of drastic remedial measures. In this country the issue is partially obscured by the "economic war." It is easy to regard a political

event as a complete explanation of an unwelcome economic difficulty. A comparative survey of world conditions shows this explanation to be at best a half-truth. Retaliatory tariffs do not in themselves constitute an agricultural problem—though they may and *do* have a very marked effect on current prices.

There are two problems in politics which the future of farming is likely to bring home in an acutely practical form to citizens of Saorstat Eireann. On the one hand the interests of farming will almost certainly demand a restatement of the problem of freedom versus organisation; on the other the prosperity or decay of rural life will influence—decisively perhaps—the trend of social policy. The outcome of these issues is of profound significance, for they would decide not only the future of country life, but also would determine in certain vital respects the character and limitations of the Modern State.

I. THE ORGANISATION OF FARMING.

The low ebb of world agricultural prices over a long period of years drew attention to the possibility that a free market and uncontrolled production was inimical to the prosperity of farming. It remained for the slump of 1930 to discredit finally this policy of *laissez-faire*. As the World Economic Survey of the League of Nations quite clearly shows there was then no automatic operation of the law of supply and demand. When prices fell, farmers did not spontaneously reduce supply; on the contrary, in a forlorn effort to maintain their income and pay their debts, they tended to increase production. (Those who were farming during the earliest phases of the 'economic war' when prices fell catastrophically here can no doubt recall a similar personal experience.) Moreover, the advance of scientific invention made possible an increase in production such as no previous age had dreamt of. And this new wealth can now be secured by a steady diminution of toil. For example, the agricultural output of England and Wales was 4 per cent.

higher in 1930-31 than in 1924-5 and this though there was a decline of 8 per cent. in the number of farm workers. The output per worker in those six years had gone up by 13 per cent. At the same time President Roosevelt is struggling to establish a 35-40 hour week. His Secretary of State for Agriculture has reckoned that this comparatively short working week should suffice to yield a standard of living twice or three times as high as that of to-day. Even those most distrustful of sanguine calculations do not fail to remark on the very inadequate use that is made of our new potential wealth. Present world conditions encourage not increased production and a consequent higher standard of living, but rather restriction of output. It is the supreme paradox of our age that scarcity is the high road to wealth, that plenty leads to poverty.

How is farming to escape from this chaos created by our inability to adjust the agricultural system to this well-nigh unlimited capacity of the machine? There seems but one answer—by organisation and deliberate planning. The 19th century achieved vastly increased production; it is the problem of the 20th century to organise distribution. Experiments with this end in view have been carried out in several countries. Those in Great Britain deserve some little attention. It is the belief of Mr. Elliott, the Minister of Agriculture that the producer who has no guaranteed outlet for his produce is unable to compete with the producer who at a fixed time has a selected product to sell in a selected market. The former has his price and sale determined by agencies outside his control, the latter has the assistance of a state-inspired, though democratically-organised, Board to safeguard his interests.' The various Boards established under the Agricultural Marketing Act of 1931 aim at regulating the marketing of agricultural products. It is of interest to remember that this very extensive State intervention in matters formerly held to be quite outside its scope was inspired by a Conservative Government. In addition the personnel of the Reorganisation Commissions—as for example,

that of the 1932 Commission for Pig and Pig Products—was almost entirely drawn from among large landowners who might reasonably be supposed to be strongly conservative in outlook. None the less the plight of agriculture compelled them to propose the most extensive measures of state control. The schemes were intended primarily to secure improved and regulated marketing for agricultural products. So far as they fulfilled this object they commanded very general support. But Mr. Elliot soon discovered that the organisation of the internal market would not be complete unless its operation were facilitated by a quantitative regulation of imports. It is simple enough to function a Milk Marketing Board because the home producer is secure from foreign competition, but it is quite different in the case of the meat, pig and potato Boards. So it was that organised marketing brought the quota system in its train.

State intervention in Agriculture has not been confined to organisation. It is more and more taking upon itself the duty of dictating the main lines of farming policy. Thus at home official encouragement is given to tillage in order to replace pasture by mixed farming. The policy is sound in principle and no little success has attended it in practice. The area under wheat has advanced in one year by 73.7 per cent. ; from 94,000 acres in 1934 to 163,000 in 1935. In 1936 the acreage is in the neighbourhood of 266,000. The growth of the sugar beet industry provides another illustration of the same tendency.

State organisation of agriculture even in a diluted form presupposes both control over output and expenditure of public money. These supply the two aspects of the new tendency most open to criticism. So long as the world is divided into highly organised national units, state control, in fact, has meant limitation of output. At home calves have been slaughtered to eliminate a so-termed national surplus of cattle. In the U.S.A. in accordance with the declared policy of the administration vast stretches of marginal land are being put back to

grass and forest and with the aid of drought and pest one after another primary product is being reduced to a domestic basis; in Continental vineyards progressive taxes are imposed on enterprises which produce more than 100 hectolitres per hectare. Instances of similar restrictions of output can be multiplied. This artificial creation of scarcity, when millions throughout the world have not sufficient to eat and drink is the foundation of sand upon which is built so much of the economic structure of the modern world. One is happy to think that the distribution of the agricultural surplus in Saorstát Éireann through free meat and free milk schemes at least displayed a humane and responsible approach to a very intricate problem.

It is but natural that the amount of public money spent in the organisation of farming and in various subsidies should excite criticism. In certain cases the criticism appears well founded. The Beet Sugar Industry in Great Britain has been severely attacked in recent years on account of the subsidies required. A Government Commission appointed to enquire into its value reported unfavourably. In spite of this the Government has decided to continue the grant. The following figures show the amount of the subsidy paid in respect of sugar produced in 1934 and '35 and the estimated amount for 1936—

1934	£4,450,000
1935	£3,640,000
1936	£2,940,000

The amount is very considerable though by a continuous reduction Mr. Elliot has blunted in part the criticism of his opponents. The significance of the dispute lies in the new dependence of certain farming interests on State aid. The sugar beet industry exists at the pleasure of the Government. Without a subsidy or protective tariffs it would collapse overnight.

The organisation of agriculture in different countries varies as their political systems. As we pass politically from the totalitarian to the democratic state, so we pass from the German State Food Organisation, which represents every interest

concerned with food from the moment it is grown until it reaches the consumer, to a rather tentative organisation in this country. Each variation deserves the closest attention. For the extent to which we intend to place agriculture under the control of the State raises an issue not only of great practical interest to farmers, but also of supreme significance in determining the functions and purpose of the modern state. In Ireland to-day we have here an opportunity unrivalled in Irish history for exercising a wise and discriminating statesmanship.

II. SOCIAL POLICY.

It is the peculiarity of farming that, despite modern methods of production, it has remained an individualist's job. It is this fact that has enabled the small-holder to compete with his larger rival. Personal care and intensive cultivation have achieved remarkable results on small farms. For example in Denmark the average up-to-25 acres holding has a 50 per cent. greater output than the 75-100 acre holding. None the less it is not primarily for economic reasons that so much is done to encourage the growth of small holdings. It is rather in order to maintain a better balance between town and country. No nation wishes to see its people herded in large cities whilst all around there lies a depopulated countryside. History has paid many tributes to the "sturdy peasant happy in his fields" and to this day farmers in many nations wield an influence far greater than that which wealth or numbers would justify. The yeomen, the country gentlemen of England, were long regarded as the finest type of her manhood. The new England States were founded by men sprung from the same stocks, and the constitution of the U.S.A. is an enduring monument to their political sagacity. The free, self-dependent farmers of the Middle West have provided the backbone of American democracy and few can doubt but that it would have been a narrower creed without their inspiration. But now that farming in the States is no longer a "gainful occupation" their status is certain to decline. A

similar prospect faces us in Ireland unless a solution can be found for those difficulties which make farming a problem industry.

The ideal of a populated countryside and vigorous rural life may command a universal assent, but in practice innumerable difficulties bar the way to its realization. In times of World depression, as to-day, the life of the small holder is not easy. It means hard labour, monotonous and unredeemed by any adequate financial reward. Even its compensations—ownership and independence—must seem at times of little value in comparison with the high urban wages. And so long as agricultural prices are depressed no country is likely to see a flow of population back to the land. For this reason recent years have seen many proposals for land settlement. They are of a two-fold character. On the one hand they are intended to enlarge and maintain a small holding system, on the other to settle unemployed on the land. The latter is in the nature of rescue work and has been used by the special commissioners in the English distressed areas and also in a small way in the allotment system over here. But it is not land settlement proper; for it is a temporary remedial measure and not intended to supply a permanent means of livelihood. Land settlement, within the proper definition of term, appears more suited to prosperous times. After all there is a certain amount of truth in the average farmer's criticism of such schemes when he says: "what is the use of putting more men on the land, subsidising them and increasing food production when we are told already that we are producing a surplus of half the things we grow." Then again in this country the position of the farm labourer is one that demands immediate improvement. The average wage is at best 21/- per week and often lower. The fixing of a minimum wage is long overdue. It is easy to blame the farmer for low wages, but in the majority of cases it is unfair. The farmer as well as the labourer is the victim of economic conditions. When the purchasing power of our population can be kept in equilibrium with the output of our fields then the agricultural

problem will be nearing solution. The substitution of planning for laissez-faire in agriculture seems to present the most hopeful prospect for the future of Irish farming. It is, however, idle to pretend that such artificial regulation can achieve fruitful results, if carried through in a hasty or over sanguine mood. Nothing could be more disastrous than to embark on a programme of planning before deciding whether it is the best that could have been chosen. There are many vital questions awaiting an answer. Is Saorstat Eireann to aim at being self-supporting in every respect? If so, then how far is the State prepared to subsidise products, as Wheat and Sugar, at times when they cannot be produced independent of such assistance? Should agriculture be protected by tariffs, quotas and levies, or would the wiser policy be that of an *open subsidy*? These are leading questions which require careful consideration. To them must be added questions more directly affecting social policy, questions of a minimum agricultural wage, or the relation of producer and consumer, and of the addition of subsidised nutrition to the social services. The answer will throw practical light on the modern theory that social justice demands a large extension of the idea of subsidised democracy. More important, as we have aimed at showing, will be the reaction upon the function and conception of the modern State. For this all-important reason, it would be well for our country were the best minds to formulate definite conclusions so that our agricultural policy might be built upon well-planned foundations, and so that all could understand that our agricultural future is determined, not by party or sectional interest, but by open examination of existing conditions undertaken with the aim of doing what is best for Ireland.

N. MANSERGH

OUR WHIG INHERITANCE

Our sad decay in Kirk and State
surpasses my describing,
the Whigs came oer us for a curse
and we hae done wi thriving.
Awa, Whigs, awa !

“The fundamental difference between the Nation and the State”—Nicholas Murray Butler. On more than one public occasion I have invited people to think about this. Perhaps they do not like to think about it. We really do not like to think about anything. We would rather repeat watchwords and catchwords and other big words and phrases, or ruminate over our feelings and emotions.

There was a man who used to take a hand in various public discussions some years ago in Dublin. He had never been required to learn Latin, but he was a great reader of various periodicals and he had picked up the phrase *ad hoc* with some notion of what it meant. He couldn't talk to you for ten minutes—he could easily talk for ten times ten minutes, but he could not talk for ten minutes without working in *ad hoc*. In truth, this man's *ad hoc* was usually a great deal more *ad hoc* than a lot of the big words that are enunciated in our daily discussions. For example, Imperialism. It is given out in speeches and heard by audiences, evidently on the assumption that the speaker and the hearers know what it means and are agreed about the meaning of it. If a five-minutes silence could be provided on one of these occasions, and if the speaker and each of the hearers got a slip of paper and a pencil and wrote down what he or she understood Imperialism to mean, the collected result would perhaps throw some light on the nature of what is called Public Opinion. Just at present, Fascism might be a better test. If a guess may be ventured, it would not be surprising to find that a meeting of Communists, that is of persons who like to imagine that they are Communists, would describe or define Fascism for the most part in such

terms as to make it appear that the grand Superfascist of our time is not Mussolini or Hitler, but Stalin.

I repeat the invitation to think whether Nicholas Murray Butler is right in saying that there is a difference, and a fundamental difference, between a Nation and a State, and what that difference is. If we claim to be patriotic, we surely ought to be reasonably clear in our minds about the objects of our patriotism. Some years ago, there was a debate or a discussion in the Seanad about the Government policy in the matter of the Irish language. The official report showed that, in the minds of speakers of different sections, but most markedly in the minds of those Senators who, even though they were of the party supporting the Government, were not in complete accord with its language policy, Nation and State meant the same thing—at least they had not thought enough about it to recognise any fundamental difference. To that extent, the Seanad may have been thoroughly representative of what is called Public Opinion.

Nevertheless, it is part of our national position, and it is either implied or expressed in the politics of our Nationalist parties, past and present, that the fundamental difference exists in Ireland and for Ireland. Our claims to political autonomy, to having a State of our own, have never been based and could not have been based on Ireland's having existed in former times as a State. They were based, and rightly based, on the existence of an Irish Nation throughout the ages of Irish history. For seven centuries and a half, the only form of State that existed in Ireland was the Dublin Bureaucracy, which was consistently anti-Irish and anti-national. Before that, there was only the Highkingship, rather a symbol of the sense of national unity than an operative political institution.

The confusion in the minds of Senators goes back some time. I have seen somewhere the saying ascribed to Henry Grattan—I do not find it in the recent life of Grattan by Roger McHugh—that he assisted at the birth of an Irish nation and also at its

funeral. If Grattan said that, or anything like it, Irish people of our time would repudiate the saying or laugh at it. Grattan did not even take part in the establishment of an Irish State, in spite of the statutory declarations here and in England of Irish parliamentary independence. The Dublin Bureaucracy continued to rule the land, and the failure to bring it under the authority of the Irish Parliament shows Grattan's incompetence as a statesman. The confusion is present in the words of Thomas Davis's ballad, "A Nation Once Again," for certainly what Davis meant was an independent State, and a ballad was perhaps the most effective thing to plant the confusion in the popular mind. If his essays had been as well known as his ballads, there would be no doubt what he thought about the fundamental difference. For example, he begins his essay on the Irish language with the words "A Nation should guard its language"—declaring this to be the duty of the Irish Nation at a time when there was no Irish State.

Future historians may recognise that the dominant characteristic of this time of ours is not the great advance made in physical science and invention, but in the popular acceptance of the political theory of State absolutism. The spread of this doctrine, like *ad hoc*, is one of the fruits of the Renaissance. It is rooted in admiration of the grandeur of pagan and imperial Rome. From the small circles of Renaissance intelligentsia it has spread and spread until now it is carried by journalism and political propaganda into almost every highway and byway of the world. It is gradually becoming, if it has not already become, the real religion of a large part of the human race. By the real religion, I mean what the words mean and no rhetorical figure of speech. "The Pagan worship of the State" is a phrase quoted in translation of the words of His Holiness Pius XI. Its attitude towards other religions is varied. Sometimes it favours them so long as they appear to serve its own purposes. Sometimes it gives them a sort of contemptuous toleration. Its favours and its toleration may be calculated

to deceive even the elect. In our own day, in more than one country, the great god State has begun to speak in the words of the First Commandment.

Here in Ireland, nobody has yet expressly proclaimed the doctrine of State Absolutism under that name, but the jurists have a name of their own that means the same thing, sovereign independence, and with this name we have all been made familiar. Sovereign means absolute internally, and independent means absolute externally.

State absolutism was the main cause of the Great War of 1914. If another Great War comes, State absolutism will be the cause of it. If ruin threatens civilisation in our time, the cause of ruin will be the growth of State absolutism into a popular creed.

The prophet of Statism—to shorten the phrase into one word, based on the French word *étatisme*—was Nicholas Machiavelli. His disciple, the statesman of the policy of Henry VIII., was Thomas Cromwell. In the course of time, statism became the creed of the English Whigs. From them it passed over to the Protestant patriots of Ireland and their Deistic offshoots, and from these to the other Nationalist political parties who succeeded them. This Whig inheritance is potent, we might say it is sacred, among us at present.

If some think I am writing paradoxes, it is because they don't really think and don't want to think. They accept the Whig idea as if it came down to them from Mount Sinai. The Whigs came over us for a curse, and there is more yet to be said about that curse. It is the real curse of Cromwell—Thomas, not Oliver.

EOIN MAC NEILL

THE DANGERS OF CENSORSHIP

SOME renewal of interest in our extremely virulent Censorship of Publications has followed on the banning of three more Irish books—*The Green Lion*, by Francis Hackett, *Singing Men of Cashel*, by Austin Clarke, and *Bird Alone* by myself. Mr. Hackett contributes a trenchant article on the censoring of his own novel to the current number of "The Dublin Magazine," and several letters to the press have protested against the banning of mine.

What the public, the Minister for Justice, and possibly the five Censors whose word is law, and against which there can be no direct legal appeal (the chief source of disquietude among thinking people) do not seem to realise is this—that the main objections to the present method of working the Censorship of Publications Act do not primarily concern the wisdom or unwisdom, of banning certain, individual books. For while it is undoubtedly, an indignity to be publicly proclaimed as a pornographer, we could bear with that, confident of our own integrity as artists, and indifferent, as artists, to a form of insult which is rapidly becoming quite meaningless by indiscriminate use, if we did not believe that the chief results of the Censorship are to debase the public conscience, to bring the law into disrepute, and to limit, not the growth of the author, but the growth of the nation.

We believe that any unnecessary interference with the public will is not merely a tyranny but a folly. It removes responsibility from the hands of the community before the community has had any adequate opportunity to exercise its own quiet methods of control. It thereby pre-empt's the activity of a healthy public opinion, and prevents that public opinion from (so to speak) growing by exercise. It kills the national conscience by giving it no scope to take or leave, to praise or condemn, to exercise its will or exercise its wisdom. By depriving morality of its freedom it reduces it to a machine without virtue.

Undue legal interference goes even further with its folly than this, since, by denying to a free people so large an element of their freedom, it belittles human dignity and insults the essential nature of man. By removing from the community responsibility for its own behaviour it makes it the tool of others, and so reduces it to a condition of moral slavery under the pretence of "helping" it to "obey" the moral law. But obedience implies choice; and where there is no choice, as there is no obedience, there can be no conscience worth the name. The Censorship, in this way, recalls Milton's words—he, too, censored in his day by other Puritans:—

"Assuredly," he makes his censors admit, "we bring not virtue into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing True Temperance . . . brings him through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, *that he might see and know and yet abstain.*"

Our Censorship, in a word, foolishly squeamish, tries to keep the national mind in a state of perpetual adolescence in the midst of all the influences that must, in spite of it, pour in from an adult world.

But it is even more disturbing to realise that the Censorship Act has brought the law itself into disrepute, since while lip-service is given to the major ordinances of the Act by everybody, only its minor ordinances—relative to flagrantly indecent and vulgar periodicals, of whose prohibition we all approve—are respected by those who advert to it. Not only is there no book which may not be read before the censors have had time to

consider it, (some books have been on sale for as much as two years before the censors became aware of their existence) but it is notorious, as it is natural, that no book is so much in private demand as the book which has been banned. In fact the Act is regarded with approval only by those who generally read next to nothing, or who are by nature extremely cautious in their reading, and for whom it was scarcely necessary to go to so much trouble to create it. The banning of some books, such as Sinclair Lewis's *Elmer Gantry*, has, furthermore, drawn outraged protests from the most orthodox Catholics. The banning of a book like Shaw's *A Black Girl in Search of God*, has been shown by the Irish Academy of Letters to have been banned not for indecency but for irrelevant reasons not adumbrated at all by the Censorship Act. Still, further, it is patent to everybody that the provisions of the Act are being evaded by the censors—such as the section which indicates to them that they are expected to consult the author or publisher in doubtful cases ; and at all times to take into account the literary, and other merits of every book before them. All this evokes much natural and entirely justifiable irritation whose chief effect is to provoke antipathies between the intelligent reading public and the puritanical Pussyfoots inside the Dail and outside the Dail who fail to see that they can enforce this particular law only at the cost of a weakening in public respect for the whole fabric of our public legislation. It is like to the Liquor Licensing Laws which are evaded without a qualm of conscience ; or the Anti-Birth-Control ordinances which (as nobody but a foolish optimist, or a self-blinded hypocrite, would deny) are respected only by those who would normally never as much as advert to them.

These are considerations which we who suffer directly at the hands of the law consider of the utmost importance. The best that can be said of those in favour of the present working of the Censorship Act is that they either consider these undoubted evils of less importance than the evils which, they maintain, would result

from the alternative, i.e., the free circulation of books; or have never thought about the matter seriously at all. But observe, we do NOT ask for the free circulation of books. We ask merely that the circulation of books should be interfered with, only with the utmost circumspection; and nobody can pretend that a Censorship which has banned upwards of 500 books in about four years has acted with any sensible degree of circumspection. We do not (apart from the disgraceful absence of any machinery of appeal) object to the Censorship Act. We object to the censors who have exploited it with a stupidity amounting to malevolence.

As for the effect of all this on the growth of the nation, is it necessary to say much? A young nation cannot possibly develop if what is at one stage vulgarly accepted is to be perpetually regarded as axiomatic; if, that is to say, there is not to be at every point a reconsideration of traditional values. Perhaps an old nation may for a long period fold its wings—though one may doubt it. A young one, scarcely fledged, can do so only at the peril of becoming moribund. We are at the threshold of life. We should be full of eagerness and the lust for discovery. We are, instead, so far as the promulgation of ideas through literature is concerned, hedged, and walled, and fettered by five licensers more remarkable for their timidity than for their courage, their narrowness than their openness of mind. Well might we ask, with the *Areopagetica*, if five men are enough to estimate all the good sense and genius of the world, for these censors actually have taken not merely England, or Ireland, but the whole world for their province! Well may we ask if there is now a monopoly of knowledge which, like motor-tyres, has been granted by a tariff to these five men? Ask if the common people are not insulted by the suggestion that their famed morality cannot stand the impact of a flighty book by some English chit of a girl-journalist; or if the force of our clergy is so little, and all their labours so barren, that we, their flocks, are likely to be staggered by a whiff from Mr. John

Dos Passos, a touch of anti-clericalism from Mr. Sinclair Lewis, a hearty laugh from Mr. Shaw? We may well ask finally, why we are bred to be free souls, if we must now turn to the complacent idleness of the slave who feeds or starves at the flick of a bully's whip?

That individual books, therefore, should be banned is of little import to the authors thereof. As Mr. Eric Gill has said, there are, so far as that goes, as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. The larger considerations are important, however, and they are considerations which should appeal to every type of mind which truly values the moral virility of Ireland, thinks it well that the law should receive respect, and is jealous for the honour of the nation.

There is one general conclusion of secondary interest to be drawn from this. The combination of forces which is at present most active here in supporting such prohibitory ordinances as the Censorship Act is a combination of the Gaelic Revivalist who fears the influence of European, and especially English, literature (for nationalistic reasons) and the Catholic Actionist who fears the same influences (for pious reasons). Their motives are of the best. Their methods are of the worst. Too lazy, both of them, to inoculate the public with a lymph of education—which would have the effect of causing the public to live and choose wisely—they are content to act only by a method of absolute prohibition. The only ultimate effect of this must be that they will both fall into utter disrepute, as the bully—especially the lazy and stupid bully—always must fall into disrepute. So, for example, Mr. Peadar McGinley, the President of the Gaelic League, once went so far as to say that he would prohibit the importation of all English newspapers, and, yet, the Gaelic League, once so full of life and vigour, has not within ten years been able to produce as much as a weekly paper in our own tongue! On the other score, the clergy, active in denunciation of late dances every autumn, when the application for Dance Hall licences come before the courts, have not been able to offer

a single, solitary, constructive suggestion as to how the people are to amuse themselves in the countryside during the dull nights of winter. Rightly did a District Justice recently chide the clergy, saying that they had broken up the cross-roads dances, which never continued to late hours, and so were now faced by a problem largely of their own making. This combination of forces, then, which might be powerful for good in a constructive way, has, instead, by its follies drawn upon both the Gaelic spirit and upon the Catholic spirit the irritation of the people. The more compliant District Justices play into their hands; the wiser ones are distracted and dismayed—like that court in Waterford which angrily dismissed a case brought against an Amusements Park manager who had installed a game of *push ha-penny*, or the Justice in Kerry who listened in evident irritation to the curates who protested against a dance-hall on the score that it was so near to the presbytery that they could hear the dancers stamping and cheering!

This mentality is producing in Ireland an eleusinian, secret, subterrene life—a life of public silence, and private grumbling, public obedience, private revolt, a public morality to win place and please the powers, and a private morality of quite a different type. Disintegration must be the inevitable result, a disintegration from below, making the crust, the ice, thinner and thinner, while all the while the surface appears pure, and white, and shining—an “excremental” or outward whiteness as Milton calls the blank virtue of mechanical acquiescence; only that it is worse than his “blank virtue” since we are learning the craft of *pretending* an acquiescence which we as constantly evade. When, or if, the ice cracks, the crust crumbles, it is not the intellectuals who are demanding greater circumspection in the use of prohibitory powers, but the Gaelic-Catholic combination who are never satisfied that these powers have been sufficiently exercised, who will be the first to wonder what has happened, and the last to realise that it is they themselves who are responsible for the ultimate, and to my mind (as things go) inevitable collapse into a moral pit.

So, a small handful of intellectuals, (who earn their living elsewhere, though residing here, who, having been placed by outlawry beyond the temptation of place, or the fear of this hypocritical "public opinion," speak with the trebled influence of men who obviously can have no ulterior motive), are the sole bulwark between the national character and the disintegrating influences of the Censorial mind. But in so far as their influence is limited by the Censorship, the country hears them only by chance, and at random, and we are witnessing the extraordinary spectacle—though perhaps not so extraordinary in the Europe of to-day—of a country deliberately deprived of its own intellectuals by (in our case) a junta of misguided, however well-meaning, Gaelic Revivalists and Catholic Actionists. The position could be worse. The hope lies in the fact that both these forces rely largely on intellectual support themselves, and they have hitherto received that support from such as University professors, professional men, private students, journalists, and so forth. To these alone it is worth while appealing, and to these we must earnestly appeal, on the highest plane, either to affect by penetration the prejudices of their associates, or to dissociate themselves from their present methods by forming an independent Catholic—if necessary even a politically active—wedge; not a new Front, indeed, for they are not numerous enough, but a spear-head into the dullness of the mass that at present uses them to no sensible purpose, since what purposes these forces have in mind have, so far, produced only the most deplorable effects towards which nobody of any insight, or foresight, can have anything but that most devastating of all emotions, sympathy without respect.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

ART

THE NATIONAL GALLERY : RECENT ACQUISITIONS, ETCETERA

Those who have been waiting for a clue to the future policy of the National Gallery will be confused by some pictures recently purchased by that Institution. These include two Italian rococo paintings like bad Stations of the Cross, full of sinewy arms, which have evidently been bought as "examples" to fill a gap in an historical sequence, a Dutch picture which may have a similar justification but which once out of sight is out of mind, and "Le Corsage Noir" by Berthe Morisot. The diversity of these exhibits is startling. The Morisot alone, though it will hardly set the Liffey on fire, is memorable, a pleasing colour arrangement about a pleasing portrait of a pleasing young lady—the same model, curiously enough, as was used by the artist for the much better painting among the Lane Conditional Gift, now in London. It will be interesting to see where this picture is hung. In the whole collection, outside the work of Irish artists, the only things which can be said to approach it historically or artistically are a small Sisley landscape and the rather unimportant Monet and Degas bequeathed by the late Edward Martyn. It has certainly not been secured to fill a gap, and though interesting and skilful it is not so superlative as to make a collector or a board of governors throw their hats over the moon. It must only be regarded, then, as a nucleus, a wild surmise when we consider the simultaneous purchase of the other pictures and the limited funds at the disposal of the Gallery.

On the other hand, what appears to be a new departure may be merely accidental like the rest of the collection, which has not for many years been informed by any visible continuity of either taste or purpose, but has been dictated largely by changing fashions and by the stocks in the hands of Continental and English art-dealers. The explanation for the absence of character in the Gallery is to be found in its history. Founded in the heyday of "Anglo-Irish" society, it was doomed to share the sterility of that society and like other institutions which exist in our midst, the National Gallery deliberately maintained an Olympian remoteness, a contemptuous aloofness from our affairs which still contradicts its magniloquent title. Yet it peevishly complains that it is only patronised in wet weather, so constantly indeed that many of us are persuaded we are a gross people and that other nations have a civilized thirst for Art denied to us. This is pure nonsense. Trippers make up the bulk of the visitors to every picture gallery in the world. Nine-tenths of the population of England have never been in any of their magnificent galleries. The Louvre and other Parisian galleries are deserted except in the tourist season, while the artistic Gaul is hurrying to see the contemporary allotrope of "Top Hat." The Metropolitan Museum in New York is an empty tomb. And these galleries are directed by benevolent authorities with vast resources in wealth who ardently desire to elevate their people and offer every possible inducement to entice them in.

There is also hypocrisy behind these complaints, because the Gallery was not meant for the public at all. Like the system of "National Education" devised for the simple purpose of not educating, the National Gallery was designed, if not with the same conscious malice, with an equal sub-conscious malice, to discourage any interest in the arts among the plain people and to keep the arts exclusive to a class. It was meant for the leisured classes and is only open to the public when the public is at work. The leisured classes have increased so wonderfully of late that the place has become unexpectedly populous, but one can recall the time when a visitor was regarded with dark suspicion by the attendants, who showed a disposition to dog his footsteps through its echoing halls. The Gallery was then in the happy position of being able to deplore our indifference while doing everything possible to keep us at arms' length.

The whole world is very agitated about "culture." IRELAND TO-DAY has not escaped the general soul-searching, but one fundamental truth seems to have been ignored, and that is that culture, or the arts which are manifestations of culture, have never flourished in bondage and never will. No single instance to the contrary is to be found in the whole recorded history of mankind. "Why then," it may reasonably be asked, "worry about culture. Why pine for picture galleries and State orchestras, town planning and dramatic leagues, when the soil in which they are to be planted is barren. Why not devote all our energies to achieving that spiritual freedom without which such enterprises are destined to die of malnutrition?"

The answer is that there is no final bondage without consent and that so long as that consent is withheld, the seeds of culture, trampled on, pressed down, crushed and almost forgotten, still preserve a vital germ like the fabulous mummy-wheat, which though hidden for countless centuries may yet fructify in the light and be eaten as bread by a generation which has forgotten the Pharaohs.

And that is why our Galleries and Academies still have an importance of which there is little outward and visible sign. No great imagination is needed to see all our institutions so influenced that they could be brought into harmony with a general scheme and that instead of being obstacles to such a scheme they might become factors in it and hasten it. They are potential enemies, one and all, as alien now as the day we inherited them. One and all they resented what they felt to be a betrayal and one and all they have doggedly refused to conform. Yet they could be changed into valuable allies.

But for that happy consummation a longer view and a more prophetic vision are needed than we have any reason to expect.

JOHN DOWLING

MUSIC

THE ORCHESTRA

Some of my musical friends seem to have taken exception to a statement of mine in the last issue of *IRELAND TO-DAY*, a statement which implied that solo artists are matters of relatively small importance when compared with large orchestras. It has been pointed out to me that there is appreciation everywhere for the soloist: that his power of swaying an audience is greater, apparently, than that of a good symphony orchestra; that commercially he is a paying proposition, requiring no subsidy, depending upon his own powers; and so on ad infinitum. When making the statement I was quite well aware of all that could be said in favour of the soloist and I see no reason for a re-assessment of his worth on my part.

In Ireland both the performer and the audience, as a rule, are afflicted with a soloist craze and many things are contributory to this idolatry. First of all, for so many hundred years the absence of any secure, well-ordered social life among us has militated against the construction of permanent musical art-vehicles—orchestras, choirs, etc.—and our economic and social deficiencies have left us more or less dependent upon individual effort for art exposition and entertainment. Secondly, our own egoism, our desire for the applause of our fellows, has fostered in us a lust to do things for which all the glory shall accrue to us individually. And, thirdly, it must be regretfully admitted that being uneducated, we know no better. I am neither blaming nor sneering, but just stating a fact.

Modern orchestral music, I mean music from the eighteenth century onwards, is Europe's distinctive contribution to world art—a great new music and a great new vehicle. Nothing like it has ever appeared before, as far as we know, and many forces had to come to life, many circumstances had to become favourable before it could be ushered in to us. First the construction of the string instrument family, the years of experiment in form and material before the discovery of the best possible formulae for such construction; then the development of wood-wind and brass instruments, the discovery and application of keys and pistons; the scientific researches of men like Helmholtz into the mysteries of sound; metallurgical discoveries—these and many other contributory things were necessary links in a great chain of thought and practice which ensured that every instrument in the modern orchestra should possess a true and dependable chromatic scale; should have speed and precision after its kind. Side by side with this instrumental development proceeded the work of composers from Mozart to Strauss, taking into their hands the various instrumental improvements and using them for their own musical purposes. And as a result of these centuries of thought and endeavour, we have a great new music and the greatest of all musical instruments—the modern symphony orchestra—capable of expressing all things from the red anger of God to the fair delight of a May morning.

Ignorant of the modern orchestra, a man knows nothing of music ; the dizzy heights and perilous depths are outside his ken, outside his experience. For round the nucleus of the orchestra great men have woven the tissues of the symphony, the opera and the ballet, and for the orchestra there is no substitute ; nothing known to the mind of man may adequately supplant it, and a performance of the great works without it is like a performance of *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

This is not to say that great music is confined to orchestral music, that great music outside the orchestra is unknown ; but to say that the great musical forms, the great cyclic forms are dependent for their exposition upon an orchestra. And this is the thought behind much of the pleading for the foundation of such an orchestra in Ireland. It is only those who have laboured here to produce great musical works, who know intimately the almost insuperable obstacles that must be overcome, before such production is possible. The best that can be expected by them, after wearisome financial cheese-paring resulting in inadequate rehearsal, is a performance through which the orchestra can struggle without a complete breakdown—the conductor instead of interpreting the work, bending all his energies to the mere beating of time and holding himself in readiness to rescue the performance from the morass into which it continually threatens to topple. That there is no exaggeration in this statement any Irish concert-goer will agree ; and as things financial stand at present no improvement can be expected, I fear. The members of the orchestra must live and . . . “ the labourer is worthy of his hire.”

Much has been written about the possibility of a musical Ireland becoming vocal again, but it is rather difficult to think of this as anything but a pious hope, when it is realised that a student in the capital city of the land can hear but seven or eight symphony-orchestra performances in a year—performances that may not be called even adequate, by any stretch of the imagination. Were some sort of permanent orchestra in existence here, giving frequent programmes, the student could become familiar with the vehicle he may one day handle, could realize surely for himself the values established by great composers, could build up his own values of tone-colour, instrumentation, etc., and ultimately having always lived in cultured society, as it were, would speak fluently and correctly even if inspired thought should be lacking. At the present time he studies his scores, supplementing his lack of experience by his imagination, hoping that one day he may hear these scores faithfully played when he can compare the lessons learned by his eye with his aural experience. His hope of achieving this in Ireland is a pretty vain one—most orchestral performances having but a remote connection with what he reads in his scores, with what the composer set down.

For the foundation of such an adequate permanent orchestra the most necessary, if least important consideration would be the provision of sufficient financial resources to guarantee its security, its permanence. But consideration of such a problem must be deferred to another article.

BROADCAST SYMPHONY CONCERTS : FIRST OF SERIES

2RN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. *Conductor, Prof. Fleischmann.*

It was with pleasant anticipation that I sat down score in hand to partake of the sanity of Haydn—such a relief from the usual modern cacophony—to listen to his “Surprise” Symphony: my mood was shattered by the fearful muddle of the wood-wind in the first six bars, the players being unable apparently to distinguish between semi-quavers and demi-semi-quavers in the introduction. The effect of the first movement was destroyed by excessive speed and by a leaden accompaniment that at times blotted out the solo line; without my score I would have been completely unable to follow or understand much of the string parts. The explosive nature of the playing of some of the *detaché* chording (even if marked *forte*) was most irritating. The slow movement commenced at a correct pace and proceeded normally until the Surprise chord, which was a shock rather than a surprise, bad intonation imparting to the poor dominant chord a quality only to be found in, say, Stravinsky or his fellows. After this for some reason the speed increased and the movement ended *allegretto*. The only movement which might be said to have sounded adequate or thereabouts was the Minuet, although it was marred by some greasy groping on C strings by celli about half way through. The last movement was taken at such a speed that it was completely incoherent. Mendelssohn once remarked that *Prestissimo* meant as “fast as can be played”; this movement is marked not *Prestissimo* but *Allegro di Molto* only, and I would defy the second violins of even the Vienna Philharmonic, to play the accompaniment to the second subject at the speed of this performance.

It was unfortunate that a “scratch” orchestra should have had to play a work by Haydn on its first appearance. A band may scramble through Schumann or Brahms and in spite of anxious moments may give an approximation of the score—small roughnesses, inequalities, etc., being smoothed over by weighty orchestration; but, with Haydn and Mozart the maximum of delicacy is imperative if anything like fidelity is to be achieved—the players must know their parts thoroughly and the relationship of these parts to the whole tissue of the work. Such a desideratum cannot be expected from the orchestra recruited as this one has been—unfortunately.

I was unable to listen to the second concert of the series with Mozart's Jupiter Symphony conducted by Dr. Larchet. I am told that the performance was a careful one even if sometimes marred by bad intonation. Lack of expression and a failure in intensity at climaxes were apparently the pre-dominating flaws . . . an improved orchestra.

EAMONN O GALLCHOBHAIR

THEATRE

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Readers of my former reviews will doubtless have noticed my insistence on adequate renderings of the "spirit" of a play. I do so because I believe that regard for this will save any honest craftsman of the theatre from failure to "get across." There are playwrights with no "message," but purely skill in situation or words. There are others with a powerful message and, possibly, clumsiness of technique. Regard for the basic qualities, the outlook, the "spirit" of each will save a producer from the danger of wrong treatment which would inevitably ruin his work by depriving his audience of qualities which they feel *should* be present. So much is obvious. What is not so obvious is the fact that the theatre-craftsman, from actor to electrician, is working *always* on the subconscious in his audience, *never* on the conscious mind. His whole aim is to lull the conscious, the logical, reality-aware side of the mind into acquiescence in illusion and then to *control* directly the purely emotional, submerged other self. This is Aristotle's *catharsis*, the ennobling effect of tragedy, the exhilarating effect of comedy. Since this side of man is mainly intuitive, nothing must be done to arouse suspicion of falsity of thought or action onstage. Hence my regard for the "spirit" of a play—the spectator intuitively builds up his conception of it from tiny details intuitively arrived at by the craftsmen onstage. The more genuine the art, the more this intuition, this unconscious unhesitating selection of the right thing, and the right way to do it, is apparent in method and result. In this region of the illogical, the uncontrolled memory-based mind has only one thing to influence it—sincerity in the actor. Sincere, he can do nothing against his nature, but rather ennoble it and ours in the watching. Insincere—he gives us much of the work that is on view to-day.

This intuition process it is that gives all art its universal quality—above all, the theatre, which relies on it absolutely for its effects. Eleanora Duse's acting was of this quality and no one needed to know her language to *feel* what she was expressing, nor was this due to any logical "two and two makes four" process, but simply to one's intuitive appreciation of factors selected by her own intuition, working on their affinity with something basic in the human mind. It is this that gives drama its real value as propaganda—its appeal to the universal arouses sympathy with the message, as is apparent in such plays as Sutro's "The Man on the Kerb," Toller's "Masses and Man," Tretyakov's "Roar China" and Gheon's and Claudel's religious plays. Since anyone's reaction to a play is an individual one, each artist will form a different conception of its "spirit," the underlying message and mood and "feel" of it, yet if he is sincere, the concept will be basically true and the rendering will "ring true." Only one convention or method of staging will then appear suitable and consistent adherence to this will impart *style*, which is necessary to keep the conscious mind lulled into inactivity and to maintain control of the subconscious through elimination of distracting detail. A clash between convention

and play will ruin both and here audience-reaction and customary associations must be allowed for. The aim should be to achieve complete acceptance of a play and one, modern in authorship, aimed at modern audiences requires modern, *focussed* staging, not mediaeval multiple staging, to achieve this.

Now this attitude should be instinctive in the worker, no matter how "practical" and I had thought it too obvious for such detailed analysis until the Gate production of Gheon's *St. Bernard* revealed a surprising lack of feeling for it which resulted in a perversion of the play, vitiating for me all the real ingenuity, the hard work and mastery of effect put into it. Performances of real sincerity and restraint by Michael MacLiammoir as Bernard, and by Sheila May as Marguerite, bringing out the childlike strength and directness of this character, were offset by Hilton Edwards' Fool, so suavely aleer, H. R. Alleyn and Roy Irving as the Heralds, equally unctuous, Robert Hennessy as Bernard's father, far too fussy and womanish and especially by a St. Nicho as of incredible quality played by Seumas O hÉailidhe. The audience were not so dull as to avoid feeling the incongruity, in voice and features especially, of this player whose inability to fill the part was made all the more pitiful by his earnestness. I was forced to the conclusion as the play proceeded that the attitude tolerating such a casting prevailed elsewhere, there was such obvious overplaying of comic effects, such melodramatic treatment of the devils, such weak-kneed, saccharine inhabitants of Heaven. Only real sincerity all round could carry this attempt at mediaeval convention, relying as that did on a naive will-to-believe in player and spectator which we moderns lack. Masks, quaint toggery and trick lighting, all admittedly the best that could be done within the convention adopted, could not achieve the required effect, although the text itself suggests this convention. This play is one for suggestive, symbolic handling, not stylised realism. MacLiammoir's acting was characterised by a sensitiveness lacking in his design which was too "spotty" and weak dramatically to focus and support the action as it should. He made Bernard too self-reliant in his interpretation, I thought, yet too weak to convey the Saint's strength in faith, especially in the devil scene and the final rout of Satan. A real weakness was lack of strong opposition to Bernard. Saintliness was made far too easy for him—the family opposition was too weak, the powers of darkness too absurd to drive home the intensity of his struggle. Praise is due however for the costumes, especially Marguerite's, the control of the lighting throughout, the entrance of the pilgrims, several of the comic scenes, and especially for the lakeside procession and its associated music—marvellously evocative; all were good of their kind, and it is regrettable that they were not properly related.

The later show, *Portrait in Marble* by Hazel Ellis, was much better handled and for that reason can be dealt with more briefly. The play itself is good, the dialogue alive through rather jarringly modern in idiom here and there, and the episodic nature of the plot overcome by very coherent handling of mood and characters from scene to scene. The two opening scenes were rather

weak in effect, in production at any rate, only Edward Lexy and Deirdre McDonagh and occasionally Liam Gaffney being of real support to Michael MacLiammoir's Byron. Both the first two were delightful in their little duet in scene 2, a scene which was largely spoiled by overlighting and absurd sky-lighting. The later scenes showed improved teamwork all round, the play itself offering a succession of fine climaxes which were however sometimes let drop through mistiming. A pleasant surprise was Diana Vernon's Lady Byron, a really fine characterisation well interpreted. Edward Lexy's Tom Moore "stole" the play for me, it was such a human study; besides the part of Byron was so obviously made to fit its player that more often than not I felt I was listening to the actor talking about himself rather than creating a character. Perhaps the fault was in myself. The production in general was very good, though the crowd in scene 2 was rather too assertive. The settings and lighting were somewhat sombre, yet occasionally overlit, but well-balanced and effective in selection and placing of detail.

At the Abbey I missed two shows—St. John Ervine's *Boyd's Shop* and Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*. Of the remaining shows, W. B. Yeats' *Kathleen Ni Houlihan* can be dismissed with the remark that if *Shadowy Waters* was bad, this was even worse—everything possible was wrong with it and detailed reference would be waste of time. Much the same can be said of *The Shadow of a Gunman*, presented at the same time. Here, utter lack of feeling and mechanical repetition of tricks once again killed the message of the play. Spirit of the play . . . !

Much more interesting and alive was the Hunt production of Cormac O'Daly's *The Silver Jubilee*, and of Conal O'Riordan's *The Piper*. *The Silver Jubilee* was remarkably photographic in realism of treatment, characterisation and dialogue, even in its latent superficiality of outlook, a superficiality that stated the problem, a girl's betrayal, in the first act very finely indeed, and then side-stepped it very neatly for the remainder of the play. This is the play to tour in the States if Irish-America really wishes to see what Ireland is like. The author was content to leave his characters, priests and all, blindly groping within the limits of convention and social prejudice, even when they declared against them. The real misery of such situations, the desecration, the maiming of the finer instincts in boy and girl was either ignored or only touched upon lightly. Indeed, in some ways, this lightness of touch was admirable, it was so deft, so finely calculated in effect. The production itself was not exactly inspired and I thought did not make full use of Miss Moisewitsch's setting which permitted of more effective groupings and focal placing of speakers than was done. The players were generally very good, especially Fred Johnston's dynamic Father William. Aideen O'Connor's Mary was too stiff, too self-conscious to carry this rather weak and very awkward part. Her acting in *Coriolanus* some months ago showed me that she is capable of better work, but casting in Myrna Loy roles gives her no chance. M. J. Dolan's Father Michael was an example of this actor's habit of mumbling unimportant lines and coming out strong with effective speeches, a method which ensures

Incidentally, I have never yet seen such spontaneous audience reaction to a play—even underplaying could not kill this, which arose purely from extremely witty, sometimes too witty, dialogue.

The other production, *The Piper*, showed more regard for the spirit of the play. The setting interested me as the first conscious use of a central set of levels to assist groupings and focus attention that I remember seeing at the Abbey. It was the best outdoor set by Miss Moisevitsch that I have seen yet. The production as a whole was very good, movement, groupings and general business being very effective in supporting the rhythms of the dialogue. Eric Gorman's Captain Talbot was a fine piece of work and never let down his solo scenes. Cyril Cusack, P. J. Carolan and Fred Johnson formed a fine team who pleased me especially by not softening the savage home-truths of this play whose bitter realism has been mistaken for active hostility.

Abbey and Gate are continuing with George Sheils' new play *The Jailbird*, and Lce. Housman's *Victoria Regina* respectively, and probably these will show more life and spontaneity than was apparent this month. In the meantime there is the Comhar Dramuiochta (the Gaelic Players). Their producer is Cyril Cusack and the first two plays done, *Sinéad* and Piaras Beaslai's *Blúire Páipéir* definitely showed real ability to produce in the sense of bringing out the essence of a play. That the essence was slight in both was not his fault. Real spontaneity and animation marked *Blúire Páipéir*, where Sean O Conchubhair, Gearoid O Lochlainn and Sean O Siothchain played up with gusto that never went too far. Gearoid O Lochlainn's acting in *Sinéad* stole the play from the real hero, played by Seumas O hÉailidhe; the problem here is one for the producer, whose casting should not require that one player descend to another's level to maintain uniformity in effect. Here the descent into the abyss was too great to ask of any man. The staging, also by Cyril Cusack, was very good considering the limitations of the Peacock, and if future productions are of equal style they may confidently be recommended to any playgoer.

SEAN O MEADHRA

A FOREIGN COMMENTARY—continued from page 7

She returns to pre-war neutrality in order to avoid war. But her "neutrality" served her but little then. The real crux of course is the so-called Franco-Soviet pact. The fact that this pact, or a similar one, can be signed to-morrow by any nation is not often mentioned. Nor is it stressed that if either party to the pact turn aggressors then the other party is automatically absolved from all obligation. Not really a very dangerous pact. And yet the Little Entente would appear also to be veering away from France. Already our suspicions were aroused when "owing to purely internal affairs" Rumania saw fit to expel her minister of external affairs. That Titulesco has always supported a French alliance had nothing to do with it.

(continued on page 92)

FILMS

IN THE CINEMA

MODERN TIMES—*Charles Chaplin.*

MORGENROT—*Gustav Ucicky.*

FIRST OFFENCE—*Herbert Mason.*

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN—*Frank Capra.*

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—*Frank Lloyd.*

SECRET AGENT—*Alfred Hitchcock.*

CAPTAIN BLOOD—*Michael Curtiz.*

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE—*Henry Hathaway.*

GIPSY PRINCESS—*Georg Jacoby.*

Within the past month I have seen a collection of movies as varied in subject matter as they were arrogant in their claims. They seemed however mainly bent on absorbing the maximum amount of the unfortunate critic's time.

This latest novelty of lengthy films is not to be encouraged. At least not till Hollywood has justified her right to make films lasting one hour. Unnecessary things make even sixty minutes tedious, but then, perhaps, irrelevancy is the order of the day in Cinema, and the cinema is but the escape from even greater boredom. Or isn't it?

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY began it. An entertaining film in many ways, it succumbed to the temptations in its path. It had so much to say that it couldn't decide which was the most important thing it had to communicate. It lacked climax because there were too many climaxes and by the time that a mutiny did occur we had lost interest in one happening. The open air, tang of the sea, white bellying sails and some excellent acting justified the film. The performance of Laughton and the island sequences were punk.

A film which started off with much promise and then proceeded to qualify for the "bigger and better" category was CAPTAIN BLOOD. The opening shots demanded attention. A distinguished quality in settings and camera treatment with excellent music by Korngold. But then the director remembered that he was in Hollywood, and he just had to live up to his reputation of "Moon of Israel" and "Noah's Ark" with the result that the appearance of a little hokum was the signal for a steady concatenation of larger and larger hokums culminating in one grand hokum in the prayed-for finale. Nor was one spared anything on the sound track. The noise of battle was given careful attention. One even got the physical sensation of being blown to bits.

Underlying both sea epics was a strain of charming commercialized sadism. Not, you will understand, a revelation of the mind of cruelty—a criticism of you the spectator. Not at all. Cruelty as entertainment. Just like that lovely butterfly's wing severed by the thrown knife in the TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE. But we are getting on. We can now let you have all the colours of the rainbow and as a sample we send you this romantic story of stark love. There are precedents, but this is not even tol'able. "No exquisite reason for't." No, nor reason good enough.

"MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN" was a very entertaining film, if one may apply this term to an opus whose main appeal lay in the dialogue and in the excellent casting of the minor parts. What is memorable in the film is the marvellously controlled playing of Gary Cooper, which places him in the rank of Muni and Huston. I remember Cooper in the charming "First Kiss," and as Mr. Deeds he fulfils the promise that that early picture held. The subject matter of the film is refreshingly original and the direction of Capra is clever, if uncinematic.

Germany has expelled her film artists and perverted her cinema into a Nazi ballyhoo machine, yet she has been fortunate in retaining one or two whose work still bears the mark of individual sincerity. *MORGENROT*, trade shown last month, is a film that Dublin must see. It stands head and shoulders above current films with the exception perhaps of the Chaplin. The plot concentrates on a single incident—the sinking of a submarine on its return from a successful campaign and the heroism of its survivors trapped in a compartment of the vessel. Scenes alternate between the sea and the atmosphere of expectation in the town. Perfect control of players and camera, subtly developed suspense values and the aim of an heroic human quality behind the direction, make a great film. A slight slackening of interest towards the end weakens but does not destroy the plot. Gustav Ucicky has turned out a fine job of work, and the acting of Rudolf Forster as the Commander and Adele Sandrock as the mother is well supported by an excellent caste. This film must be booked for Dublin.

GIpsy PRINCESS was a dismal failure, with scarcely a redeeming feature, in spite of the association of Karl Hoffmann, Walter Rohrig and Robt. Herlth. Cheap, tawdry and theatrical lets it off lightly. One ray in a universal darkness was the scene of the throwing of the flowers on to the stage with its whirling dancer, whirling mice, prince in the box, cat watching, and the general in the pit—an interesting idea not too well worked out.

Herbert Mason's *FIRST OFFENCE* with John Mills was an excellent film, entertaining, satiric and with a genuine style and feeling for cinema. The amusing adventures in a large-scale car-stealing racket in Paris gave opportunities which were fully availed of by the director. This is a credit to English Cinema which is more than can be said for *SECRET AGENT*, a poor piece of melodramatic hokum, exploiting the tricks of technique associated with its director. The acting was competent with Gielgud outstanding.

MODERN TIMES was awaited with anxiety. There was no need, Chaplin is as good as ever he was. The picture depends on a purely visual continuity. There is no padding and each incident is stripped to its barest essentials. The immortal central figure alternates between factory and prison, his vicissitudes pointing the often bitter satire. Sentimentality there is in plenty, but there is also a deep humanity embracing it. Chaplin's music is delightful and the few occasions on which speech is used are subordinated to the general sound scheme. His miming is unforgettable, especially when he sings the French song. There

are occasional throwbacks to his early films. The feeding machine sequence is the funniest up to a point. Beyond which we are made to feel a daemonic destructive energy making the scene scathing in its social criticism. But to attempt to evoke the genius of Chaplin in mere words is a hopeless task, and I shall not attempt it. Paulette Goddard is a valuable asset to the film, which is an object lesson in economy and artistic restraint.

To conclude this review, I would like to mention a charming short German subject "Harmonicaland" which I recommend. "Pasteur" was missed, but will be referred to later on. For the benefit of those with cataloguing instincts it may be mentioned that the list at the head of this article represents an arrangement into order of merit.

LIAM O LAOGHAIRE

CINEMA IN THE HOME

It may or may not be a matter of news to many intelligent filmgoers in this country that it is within their power to enjoy some of the masterpieces of the Cinema in their own homes. The enterprising firm of Pathescope Ltd., have included in their film library such important films as Robert Wiene's expressionist "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," the spectacular yet soundly cinematic films of Fritz Lang, "Siegfried," "Metropolis" and "The Spy" and other equally entertaining films from France and Germany. With the commercial Irish Cinema in such an artistically impoverished state, the issue of these films represents the only way in which the film enthusiast here can become acquainted with the standards of movie-making achieved by other countries. In these films it is possible to enjoy the acting of Jannings, Veidt, Krauss, Helm and Mosjoukine, the imaginative settings of the architects Rohrig, Herlth and Werndorff, and the striking photography of Karl Hoffmann, Fritz Arno Wagner and Gunthur Krampf.

These films are on non-inflammable stock and may be bought outright or hired from the library at Messrs. Masons, Dame Street, Dublin, who are the agents in the Irish Free State for Pathescope-films and projection apparatus.

L. O'L.

DOCUMENTARY FILM MADE IN IRELAND

MADE by Publicity Films Ltd. of London for the Irish Linen Guild, an Irish linen propaganda film repulsively named "The Wee Blue Blossom" was privately shown in Belfast on October 23. It is an unpretentious but for its purpose entirely adequate production. I spotted technical mistakes but they were not important and would only be observable by a linen man. The photography was always competent, in parts first-class. A member of the Abbey Theatre company spoke the commentary finely. Stress was laid on the human angle, the notable skill of Irish flax growers and linen trade operatives.

WILLIAM CARTER

BOOK SECTION

THE IRISH SHELF

We reserve this Section each month for books of particular interest to the New Ireland.

ON BEING HUMAN. By Gerald Vann, O.P. (*Sheed and Ward*, 2s. 6d.).

THE BURDEN OF BELIEF. By Ida Coudenrove. (*Sheed and Ward*, 3s. 6d.).

These two books are, in a way, complementary. They have both been published some time—the former, indeed, is now out of print. One hopes that the publishers will see their way to issue a re-print of it, for, when Winifred Holtby wrote of its “warmth and eloquence of prose,” she wrote what this reviewer cannot but echo.

They are both books which are well worth the attention of the Irish reader—they raise problems, and provoke an examination, of Irish life which it might be well for us to make.

Fr. Vann's book should be read first, and that of Ida Coudenrove, to which Fr. Vann writes an introduction, as a sort of commentary on it.

The latter book, written in dialogue form and presenting problems by touches and allusions, spot-lighting certain points, and leaving others in obscurity, asks those questions (and answers them) which we still perhaps ask after we have read Fr. Vann's metaphysical treatise on Thomist humanism—a magnificent whole in its universality.

Fr. Vann's thesis is that a Christian undoubtedly may, can and should, if possible, attain to the humanist ideal of a complete, a whole, man, with all his powers and parts developed to their highest pitch—the man who can truly say “*nihil humanum alienum a me puto*”—no positive thing, that is; for evil, in this view, is essentially negative, a lack of something, a defect, a betrayal.

But this Christian humanism is different from that of the Greeks, which was incomplete, or that of the pagan Renaissance, which was atrophied, for to the Christian there are, in the order of supernature, whole fields of experience, whole possibilities of completion and fulfilment, which to the others were unknown. The Christian humanist, to plagiarize Yeats, regards the others as Don Juan might regard the eunuchs; their philosophy is incomplete, does not recognise the most creative possibilities.

How then, if all this be true, are the saints so often ascetics? This is explained by man's lop-sidedness since the Fall—asceticism is but a means to an end, the voluntary self-denial of the good in order the more easily to obtain the better—even the athlete must practise asceticism. But to despise God's creatures is no compliment to God—the true wisdom is “*spemere mundum, spemere sese, spemere nullum.*”

But Ida Coudenrove is concerned with “the strange conjunction of necessity and grace,” the Fall, the danger of accomplishing nothing at all without the help of grace. She raises many problems, but the one which seems most to bear upon the humanism of Fr. Vann is this: “How is it so many good Christians are such unpleasant people to live with? Warped, bitter, narrow, fanatical, blind to the fascination of art and thought? So humanly incomplete?”

She gives a list of “specifically Christian, typically Catholic faults,” “weeds of a peculiar kind which prosper best on the soil of half-understood, exaggerated or otherwise distorted Christian doctrine: prudery, vulgarity, an imperfect

sense of honour, a cowardly and resentful refusal of life, with all the cant that attaches thereto, Pharisaism and lack of intellectual candour, a shirking of responsibility and a particularly unpleasant kind of sultry emotionalism that cloaks a latent criticism." Perhaps the cap fits. These books are difficult to review—there is so much in them—and this is only an incomplete account—so incomplete as to be, perhaps, a misrepresentation—but the reading of them in conjunction suggests two errors which must be avoided.

The first of these is that humanism which is both inhuman and inhumane—that attitude of mind which reminds this reviewer of a child who shuts away his broken toys in a cupboard—"what we ignore does not exist"—the implicit outlook of all those advertisements for shaving-cream and pills to make one a Hercules; or, again, of those weird advertisements in American magazines which invite cultured people "living in a world of moons" to communicate with other cultured people through Box No. so-and-so.

This is unrealist, idealist in the worst sense—it ignores death, disease, suffering, and sin. Coudenhove speaks of the humility of the Church in opening herself to all men—her constant refusal to become a Church of the "pure." To such an unrealist humanism, which of us shall attain? "Birmingham washerwomen," in Newman's phrase, "have souls"; and says Vann: "Few things are more salutarily humbling than to find in the poor and weak and apparently stupid a depth of wisdom unknown to the cultured philosophising of the academic, that wisdom which is the gift of the Holy Ghost."

All this is true, and if indeed very religious people are humanly imperfect, it is no doubt because it is precisely death, and suffering, and human misery, the shattering of a harmonious natural life, that drives people to the Cross and the consolations of Faith. But there are others and the dice is indeed heavily loaded, in Ireland to-day, against the intellectual, the artist, the person of sensibility—the ugliness of our Churches; the lack of charity and of intellect, the fanaticism of much of our Catholic press; the Jansenist tendencies of many of our clergy; the narrowness and lack of intellectual candour of many religious people; the prudery and insensibility of the middle classes; our lack of humour and our illiteracy; and above all, and through all, our colossal feeling of inferiority, as Irishmen and even as Irish Catholics—all these things cannot fail to depress us, these things create rebels. The dice are indeed heavily loaded. But these things can be disregarded, as Coudenhove says: "by a robust sense of humour." "But these things," says Vann, "the tinsel, the prettiness, the lace, are not the Faith. Behind these and in spite of these, there remain the Mass, the sacraments, grace, the unchanging substance."

But these things that dishearten us and depress us, that make us murmur and rebel, they must be combated with courage and charity, we must fight against them constantly and not let accident be regarded as essence.

There are two sayings of two great doctors which we might well remember: "All truth, whoever said it, comes from the Holy Spirit;" and "Love heretics, while hating heresy."

THOMAS FITZGERALD

MOORE OF MOORE HALL

THE LIFE OF GEORGE MOORE. By Joseph Hone. London: (Gollancz, 15/-).
THE EBURY EDITION OF THE WORKS OF GEORGE MOORE. (London: Heinemann 5/-)

The first time I saw an opera hat in action was in the hands of George Moore, and the use of the hat was as fascinating at the time as the man. He had eaten the famous grey mullet at that time, and had been suitably celebrated for his exploit by Susan Mitchell, and was something of an awesome

figure to the literate youth of Dublin. He came into the Abbey Theatre, stood for a moment on the little lobby inside the stalls door with the shining silk hat in his hand, and full in the astonished gaze of the admiring pit squashed it neatly under his arm. Having performed this conjuring trick he moved slowly down the steps to his seat.

I have never quite recovered from that first glimpse of Moore, nor from the single meeting with him, which occurred in Æ's room in the Plunkett House at a later date. Always there was for me more than a little of Arnold Bennett's "Card." When one of his most intimate friends says "A stranger character I never knew," it is easy for one who saw him only twice, and who never mustered the courage to utter a word to him, to feel uneasily worshipful towards him. It was plain even for such a person to know that he desired *être célèbre et être aimé*, and he seemed to pose for both. The whole man is in that inspired and wonderful book, HAIL AND FAREWELL, upon which his fame in the future will probably come mainly to repose. For that great work much will be forgiven him, much forgotten, for in it he has set Dublin in precious words.

In this magnificent volume, wherein Mr. Joseph Hone enshrines the man Moore, Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor, who estimates the literary achievement of Moore, says "some critics of Moore who knew him intimately in the nineties or in his Dublin period . . . have found it difficult to believe that great works of the imagination could be produced by the man they knew-amusing, imperfectly educated, a bit of a card, likeable but infuriating." It is arguable that Moore did not produce great works of the imagination; perhaps not works of imagination at all. His "comprehension of life was instinctive rather than intellectual, and the shape that it assumes in his books justifies us in saying that the cast of his mind was predominantly impressionistic." He was always the conscious artist, in life as in letters; but great only occasionally, and highly imaginative only in the re-arrangement of actuality.

No one who reads Mr. Hone's brilliant biography can withstand the desire to know more of Moore's own work, if he does not already know it intimately. He will desire to go at once and secure *ESTHER WATERS* and *THE UNTILLED FIELD*; *THE LAKE* and the three volumes of *HAIL AND FAREWELL*; *THE BROOK KERITH* and *HELOISE AND ABELARD*. Having done with those he will then desire *MUSLIN* and one or two of the earlier books which shocked the complacently unconscious readers of the nineties; *THE MUMMER'S WIFE*, for example, which realises the Five Towns more acutely than anything written by the native Arnold Bennett. It is the custom to-day to belittle these early "realistic" novels of George Moore, but it is probable that modern novelists owe considerably more than they are willing to own to the author of *ESTHER WATERS*. Moore's brave struggle with the English libraries fifty years ago did much to open the way for experiment and adventure in the material and structure of the novel. For that, as well as for his own conscious experimentation, he will be gratefully remembered.

But it is to Ireland, somewhat ungratefully he may have realised himself at the end, that George Moore owes his greatest debt. His English phase meant so little either to himself or to the movement of the art of novel-writing that even friendly critics dismiss it with a shrug and a grimace. The gestures do not give either the last or the best impression of that phase, but it is undubitable that his ten years in Dublin from 1900 to 1910 changed the whole current of his art. In Ireland he found his "Untilled Field," and he at once proceeded to cultivate it. The cultivation was a rough business surely; he had to use the friends who called him back as gargoyles for his packages, and to revile the religion of his boyhood in the process.

Moore himself confessed that "to be ridiculous has always been my *petit luxe*," and Mr. Hone never in any way palliates his luxury. The account of the ancestry of George Moore is in itself extraordinarily interesting. It may be, although the evidence is somewhat slight, that it counts Saint Thomas More as part of it, but to have a Vice-Admiral of Connaught and a President of the Connaught Republic, a Spanish trader of Alicante and a Member of the British Parliament in its line is almost sufficient to keep it fascinating. George himself was the dunce of Oscott, from which he was withdrawn with the benediction of the headmaster, and there was difficulty in discovering what he desired to do with his life. He would be a steeple-chase jockey, but his racing interest dwindled to betting and a correspondence with the ex-jockey butler at Moore Hall. He would be a painter, taking lessons from the father of Sir E. Lutyens and his kinsman Browne. He showed no inclinations to write; his boyish letters from school were pleas for absolution from the crime of wilfully mangling orthography. But by some miracle or accident he secured a prize at Oscott for an essay; a miracle which convulsed his classmates.

He would take no pains to correct his faults; rather he gloried in them and followed the familiar psychological path in making them a subject for pride. His own little tale of his naughty childhood when he horrified his nurse in Stephen's Green Park by prancing naked along the grass, betrayed the Moore who kept on shocking the world for fifty years. He shocked London and Dublin; but it may be doubted whether he ever succeeded in shocking himself. As Susan Mitchell well said:

"My sins and my repentances all paper and all cram.

Some day you'll all discover how respectable I am."

In this most fascinating book Mr. Hone makes him at the same time respectable and engrossing. It is a brilliant portrait, as delightful as HAIL AND FAREWELL and worthy of a place beside that most intriguing of books.

For those who need their Moore in a really excellent edition at a cheap price, attention may be drawn to Messrs. Heinemann's "Ebury Edition." Here is just the kind of volume that Moore himself would have handled and read with exquisite pleasure; type and format being as pleasing to the eye as the words of Moore are satisfying to the discerning reader. With Mr. Hone's biography and Messrs. Heinemann's volumes on the shelf near to hand, George Moore's place in literature is unlikely to be with Peacock for yet a while.

A. E. M.

OTHER TIMES

REHABILITATING VOLTAIRE

VOLTAIRE. By Alfred Noyes. (London: Sheed and Ward. 12/6 net.)

The current jargon of political finance has familiarised the world with the cautious term "reflation." It is an attempt to express by means of a new word a process that would have dangerous associations if described by an older and more familiar one. Mr. Noyes' book is a reflation of Voltaire's religion and morals in the form of a rather lengthy and allusive biography. Reflation is in the fashion for historical characters as it is for currencies. Succeeding as it does to the opposite fashion, which was so prevalent during the sneering twenties, it is not unwelcome. But it goes too far when it seeks to upset the sober verdict of generations, when it makes Queen Elizabeth into a Victorian spinster or discovers an injured innocent under the horrific reputation of the

Marquis de Sade. One fears that the enterprise essayed by Mr. Noyes in this strenuous apology is apt to fail just because he protests too much.

Voltaire emerges from a sort of very thorough literary Turkish bath so white, so gleaming with rectitude that neither his friends nor his foes are likely to recognise him. His famous sardonic smile itself has almost disappeared, his endless sarcasms are left behind, his numerous blasphemies become the somewhat unseemly substructure for an imposing edifice of moral earnestness. Mr. Noyes is not always entirely fair to his readers; thus, in quoting Voltaire's first letter of thanks to Frederick the Great, written in 1736, he omits the paragraph in which the theologians are bitterly denounced. Sometimes it may be said that he is hardly fair to himself. An instance is the solemn and lengthy castigation which he administers to Voltaire's eavesdropping valet, Longchamp, and the seriousness with which he denies Voltaire's part in the famous deception of M. du Châtelet. His incredulity is founded, not on evidence, but on his own desire that his hero should be above suspicion. This tendency leads him in many ways to present a very misleading picture of France under Louis XV. Voltaire plays his decorous and improving part against a background which is faintly reminiscent of the film version of *A Tale of Two Cities*. In order to whiten the central figure, everyone else is darkened.

It is a little difficult to see what purpose Mr. Noyes has in all this effort. No serious person will be prepared to take Voltaire for a mocking demon with horns and hooves, but neither will any grown-up reader accept him as a misunderstood angel whose only fault is that he sometimes sniggers a little amid the quiring. Mr. Noyes has read more about Voltaire and studied his works more thoroughly than almost any other man outside France. His book is, with all its disconcerting earnestness, intensely interesting and very well written. It is a pity he did not approach his subject a little more objectively and with a little less desire to make Voltaire the next best thing to a pious Catholic, which even Mr. Noyes himself admits he was not. He has not given us what he might have given; we get, rather to our disappointment, that strange product, a very British book about a very French Frenchman.

M. T.

A. R. ORAGE, A MEMOIR. By Philip Mairet. (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 8s. 6d. net).

G. K. Chesterton described Orage as "the most vigorous and lucid exponent of economic philosophy in our time." The praise is entirely justified, but it does little to convey the depth of his mind, the power of his thought, or the clarity with which it was expressed. No one since Swift has written such good controversial English.

He edited two papers, and both had a unique quality, they stimulated thought as no other papers in England have done, and though the best known writers of the day were often among his contributors, it was the editor's own contribution to which one always turned first, and which one remembers when the rest has been forgotten. He championed many causes, and if none of them came to success, it was because the circumstances of the time, and sometimes the causes themselves were incapable of successful issue. The championship was as vigorous and brilliant as it was disinterested. Neither of his papers ever came near to paying its way, and he published eight books without making a penny out of any of them. As Shaw said of him: "Orage did not belong to the successful world" but he belonged to that finest of all

companies—the men who stand out against the injustices and the stupidities of their time, indifferent to personal success. They are the leaven which redeems every age.

Philip Mairet's Memoir is full of interest and gives a vivid picture of an extraordinarily attractive personality. Orage had a very peculiar gift. He projected himself into his writing in a way that made thousands of his readers who never met him feel that they knew him intimately, and regard him as a personal friend. No editor of a paper has ever created so close a personal bond between himself and his readers; and none has left such a void when he died which no one else could fill.

All those who read *THE NEW AGE* and the *NEW ENGLISH WEEKLY* will be glad to have this book, and to those who missed Orage's papers it will introduce a man whose influence on his generation was out of all proportion to the recognition he received.

B. H.

COLUMBA

THE LEGEND OF SAINT COLUMBA. By Padraic Colum. (*Sheed and Ward.* 5s.).

The royal saint of Tir Conaill has had more written literature and folk story devoted to him than any of the countless saints of early Ireland, of all the great names of Irish christianity he has remained the most human, the most living and the most Irish. So that in writing this charming book Padraic Colum had plenty to go upon. Children will delight in the stories and scholars will read with interest the rendering of the great moments of the life which had so great a historic character for Erin and Alba. The many illustrations have vigour and humour; we wonder if it is mere chance that the face of the last Druid councillor of the last pagan High king, which looks at us from the dust cover, is the very image of James Stephens in its pose, eyes and wistfully-humorous expression, and indeed he is not undeserving of the little Druid's name—Bec Mac Dé. With the phonetic renderings of the current names we shall not quarrel, but though it may be pedantic to say so, we can't help regretting the perpetuation of the common mistake of "De Danaans" for the Tuatha De Danann, the folk of the goddess Dana.

E. C.

"*PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM.*" By Terence MacSwiney. Edited by Brian O'Higgins. 3/6.

"*IRELAND'S BLOODLESS REVOLUTION.*" By Rose S. Kelly, M.A. Published by Joyce and Smith, Chicago.

It is another of the riddles why in this day Terence Mac Swiney's "*Principles of Freedom*" should need introduction to Irishmen, for no one else in our times has so firmly outlined them or demonstrated them with such heroism. The book was originally contributed as a series of articles to *Irish Freedom* in the years 1911 and 1912. In the year following the author's death (1921) it was edited three times, once in America and twice in Ireland, but has until 1936 awaited a fourth edition. This neglect must, in part at least, be due to an impression that "*Principles of Freedom*" is of the political pamphlet kind. That it is a broad and fundamental book remains largely unknown to the younger Ireland, though in the early days of the national struggle it came to the people as an inspired message. It is with awe one reads "a man who will be brave only if tramping with a legion will fail in courage if called to stand in the

breach alone. . . . For one armed man cannot resist a multitude, nor one army conquer countless legions ; but not all the armies of all the empires of the earth can crush the spirit of one true man. And that one man will prevail." This was prophecy.

It is unfortunate, too, that it is in his death only that most Irishmen know Terence MacSwiney, for the terrible grimness of his agony obscures the buoyancy and loveliness of his personality. "Let us understand one thing : if we want to make men more dutiful we must make them joyous. . . . Our history makers were great, joyous men, of fine spirit, fine imagination, fine sensibility, and fine humour. . . . We swear by Tone for his manly virtues : we love him because we say to ourselves : "What a fine fellow for a holiday."

The most striking thing in all the book is the great reasonableness of the teaching and the lovely clearness of the language. In addition, he maintained a remarkable unity in all the articles, so that, whether the subject be Irish Womanhood, Intellectual Freedom, The Language, The Ulster Problem, Literature, or Resistance in Arms, there is always a singleness of mind. Its secret lies in this, that he wrote with the vision of a free and great Ireland.

"Ireland's Bloodless Revolution" is a book in which the work of the Fianna Fail Government towards the building of an Irish Nation is reduced to a kind of formula. It is a book without any of the spirit of revolution, though spirit is always the essence of revolution ; and beyond being a useful summary of the main points in the controversies over such matters as Partition, The Economic War, The Abolition of the Oath, The Senate and the Citizenship Act, it is likely to be of little value in Ireland. It is unfortunate that the author had not the opportunity to use Mr. Pakenham's "Peace by Ordeal" as one senses that, with no reference to that great work, Miss Kelly's book must be incomplete. There is an effort in the last chapter to understand the trends in the Free State, and though the economic programme is fairly presented, it is somewhat meaningless to explain our desire for nationhood by saying : "The Celt accepts the absolute standard of Continental philosophy. Temporal government to him is merely an outward and visible symbol of the eternal truth. He defers to an idea or the physical embodiment of the idea."

For one thing above all, however, must we thank the author. She has shown by her record of the achievements of the Free State the injustice of the accusations that Ireland could not govern herself, and that the people of the South were incapable of industrial enterprise. In reality we have the North knocked into a cocked hat.

TOMAS O LAOI

LADY LONGFORD'S "DUBLIN"

DUBLIN. Christine Longford (City Biography Series). (*Methuen and Co., Ltd.*, London, 5s.).

Lady Longford has condensed the history of Dublin into 150 pages of good clear print in the first of a series of City Biographies edited by Paul Bloomfield, and published by Methuen—it is good value. She has gathered her material from many sources, and notwithstanding the essentially heavy quality of the ingredients of formal history, and hoary legend, has managed to make a light and palatable confection, by the deft use of the leaven of Dublin's yeasty gossip.

She starts with the wilderness of the physical geographical terrain—and traces the growth of the town from its neolithic dawn, to the neon-lit sky-signs of to-night : from its primitive huddle of huts by a ford, to its present

mixture of the "relics of old decency" and the Tudorbethan bungaloiditis of her dormitory suburbs. ". . . Dublin is a city of mixed breeds, and mixed traditions; and cannot hope to escape mixture in architecture."

It is evident that Dublin is good copy: which book will Macaulay's traveller consult when he sits on a broken arch of Butt Bridge to sketch the ruins of the Custom House? Will it be Joyce's "Ulysses," George Moore's "Ave, Salve, Vale," Gilbert's "History," Kelleher's "Glamour," or Lady Longford's "Dublin?" What is Dublin's essential appeal? What is its glamour? Can it be that it is a city with the acoustical properties of a village, where every idle whisper is not only heard but amplified, and where (it has been said that) a single shot fired on Bachelor's Walk in 1914 was heard in Berlin and sounded so like a war that it spread contagion. Can it be the Dublin accent ". . . which is low-pitched and slightly nasal, and has narrow vowels . . ." the accent whose possession very few citizens will acknowledge, but which will crop up with Ringsend ruggedness, through the finest sand-papered refinements of Rawthmeins. Other characteristics may pass away; the "Talkies" may alter the idiom, but the accent will prevail even in the Civil Service Gaelic of the coming Celtic era.

The eighteenth century has left an indelible mark on the city: George Moore has said that the century stretched into the eighteen-eighties, when the Land Acts ended feudalism. (Lord Leitrim was shot for exercising the "droit du seigneur.") There was little change even up to the late nineties: the people were thrown back on themselves for amusement, and there was a crowded night-life in theatres, music-halls and pubs. There were no motor-cars, buses, electric trams or golf, so Dublin snuggled within its own boundaries and—compared with to-day—had little contact with other cities. ". . . on the North side are the theatres and big cinemas . . .," says Lady Longford: this is one of the greatest changes inside a few decades; all the theatres were on the South side—the only places of entertainment on the North were the Mechanics' Music-hall—now the Abbey—the Round Room Rotunda—for occasional shows—and a seasonal visit to a big wooden arena in the Rotunda Gardens of Hengler's Circus—where the few women who painted their faces at that time displayed their ample charms in the Promenade to the high-collared Mashers. Many people think that this was Dublin's most characteristic period: when the jarveys were in their glory and the "Cawstle" glittered in its gingerbread pomp.

The centre of Dublin may change, but wherever it may be it can never be the centre of gravity, for a light-hearted gaiety is one of its greatest charms: it can be deadly serious, but "Are you coming into the city to see the Rebellion?" was a common invitation in tragic 1916.

Lady Longford's book is evocative: it should not have been given for review to a typical Dublin man, as there is a tendency to elaborate on the memories it awakens, and the temptation to dwarf all periods by comparison with his own. He could spoil the proportions of a review by dwelling on "flash-backs" to Davy Byrne's, to Corless's—where the bar closed when the last man left—to the Bailey smoke-room, where Arthur Griffith sat, the silent Dr. Johnson of a brilliant group—when all the followers of Sinn Fein would not have overcrowded a tram. Eheu fugaces. Well, the quality of the gossip has not changed much—it is still creatively reminiscent—or tremendously intrigued by memories of the future.

During the self-conscious literary renaissance of the nineties, Dubliners were keyed to such heights that they moved mentally on tip-toes—now we are living in its faint afterglow. The Abbey (gift of Miss Horniman)—precursor

of all the Little Theatres in the world, survives—if it had had but one offspring, and that the “Gate”, it could feel a proud parent—but some of the “giants of these days” have made their exits; Lady Gregory, “Æ,” Synge, George Moore and Frank Fay have answered “Adsum” to an imperative call—Joyce, Stephens, Colum and Eglinton are in exile: leaving Seamus O’Sullivan and Oliver Gogarty to act as links with the great Founder and “onlie begetter,” W. B. Yeats. When the survivors join the immortals how much of Dublin’s individuality will resist the levelling world-call of the cinema, radio, 50/-tailors, clothing factories and the general mechanisation of life? Will these factors produce a uniform mediocrity with robot responses, or will the new school of young poets and naturalistic writers save the soul of the nation by showing Caliban his ugly face? Perhaps everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds: and that a wise acceptance of inevitable change is “the very fruit of all philosophy.”

J. M.

VOTES FOR WOMEN?

OUR FREEDOM AND ITS RESULTS. By Five Women. *Hogarth Press*, price, 8s. 6d.)

Five women leaders, each of whom has a distinguished record to her credit, have contributed to this volume, which is edited by Ray Strachey: it constitutes an attempt to take stock of the results so far of the Votes For Women movement and its various repercussions, the latter more important than the mere granting of suffrage itself.

To the inevitable query, what has come of all this freedom of women, there is no positive conclusion arrived at by any one of the writers: all are agreed, rightly, that it is too soon yet to give an answer, firstly, because complete freedom is yet to be won by women, secondly, that what has been achieved is by no means stable—it wobbles sadly among our new dictator-ruled states, and this reacts unfavourably on us all—but chiefly for the reason that another generation of the post-suffrage period must pass before there can be any real summing-up of results. None the less, in a general way, one can say that the struggle for emancipation has proved itself to have been worth while, not to women alone, but to humanity.

Freedom’s pace for women has been swiftest in Britain in the legal and political field, slower with regard to social and economic conditions, slowest of all with regard to their financial standing. Of this latter several curious anomalies are cited, showing how, for all the talk of Equality, women are still looked upon as irresponsible infants to this day by High Finance. Another outstanding disability is the exclusion of peeresses in their own right, such as Lady Rhonda, from the House of Lords. That there are many of these strange survivals of old male taboos still operating in all fields is shown in each department of woman’s activity, even to-day. It took a World War to release their energies in many fields, yet, when the Armistice came there was a swift reaction, which put them once more among the pots and pans. The authors show how there is still, unexploited a vast reserve of untapped feminine power.

But the earth does move. For instance, a husband may no longer give his wife a month’s notice, with the rest of his domestic staff, a mother has now equal guardianship rights over her children, a pregnant woman—thanks to a private bill introduced, in 1935, by a woman M.P.—can no longer be condemned to death. And so with a number of other laws improving the status of women, protecting children: the only wonder one feels with regard to these is that it has taken so long to have them enacted. It was since women got the

vote that a measure, asked for as far back as 1871, for the protection of young boys was passed.

On the question of protective legislation for women in industry, there is sharp divergence of opinion among the two schools of feminists, the Labour group and the constitutionalists on the one hand and the militant suffragists on the other: the former favouring it, the latter regarding any so-called "protection" for one sex as a Greek gift on the part of male legislators, to be looked on as a trap to exclude women from jobs.

Yet another comment is the somewhat bitter reflection on the part of one who believes in Freedom, namely, that British women are to-day a long way ahead of their Irish sisters on freedom's road.

H. S. S.

OTHER PLACES

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY, 1930-1936. By Prof. E. Allison Peers (pp. 247×xv. *Methuen*, 10s. 6d.)

This most readable book forms the ideal introduction to the intelligent appreciation of the despatches that have brought gloom to many a fireside throughout Europe. Professor Peers has spent one-third of each of the last twenty-five years in Spain and, in his competent handling, he reserves his sympathy in the main for the real martyr of Spain—Spain herself. Through the pages in chronological order glide the names that events have made familiar to us, and understanding grows—Primo de Rivera, Mola, Franco, Largo Caballero, Azana, Companys.

We assist at the birth throes of democratic Spain. Sporadic rebellions crowd us round—arrests, suspension of the ordinary law, executions, revulsions of feeling, press censorship and suppressions, refusal to recognise courts, suppression of language, gerrymandering, municipal straw-vote elections on an extended franchise, shadow cabinets, sparsely attended parliamentary houses legislating without opposition, boycotting of goods to bring political pressure to bear, feudalism, unicameral or bicameral government—the whole stock-in-trade of revolutionary or usurping governments, the total sum of problems facing democracy in a country unprepared for it. How familiar it all sounds, yet in degree how happily remote! The cry escapes poignantly from disillusioned lips: *No era eso*—"It wasn't *this* that we expected," and in Spain, as in Ireland, despair must be crushed and hope and patience, infinite patience, take its place.

Prof. Peers puts us under a debt for this historical record. He is impartial—perhaps because he is not a historian so much as a lover of Spain. He does both his book and his readers the justice of providing an excellent index, a bibliography and notes for the more exacting student.

LAURENCE J. ROSS

POETRY AND DRAMA

NEW VERSE AND OLD

PLOUGHMAN AND OTHER POEMS: Patrick Kavanagh. London: (*Macmillan*. 1/- net).

THE COLLEGE BOOK OF POETRY. Ed. by K. Donnellan, M.A. Dublin: (*The Educational Co.* 2/6 net).

Compare Padraic Colum's:

"Sunset and silence ! A man : Around him earth savage, earth broken ;
Beside him two horses—a plough !"

with Patrick Kavanagh's :

"I turn the lea-green down
Gaily now,
And paint the meadow brown
With my plough"

and you have a perfect conception of Mr. Kavanagh's work. He has a prettiness and lack of force which is very noticeable when placed side by side with "The Plougher," and it is this prettiness which again and again wrecks what promises to be a good poem. Lack of tensility and passion together with an extravagant expenditure of words rob his verses of vitality, and often a returning self-consciousness jars the mind of the reader which for a moment has been in tune with that of the writer, as :

"A road, a mile of kingdom, I am king
Of banks and stones and every blooming thing"

where the epithet shocks the mind which has been wooed by sonnet grace.

There is little thought and little beauty in these verses. Mr. Kavanagh would do well to read the later Yeats and leave his archaic musings.

The reviewing of anthologies is in general at once dull and unprofitable ; but we have come to expect so little from school anthologies that I opened this one with horror. I was however surprised to find that not only is it better than any school anthology I have seen, but it is in addition better than many general anthologies. In reviewing it elsewhere I have pointed out the presence of many unusual names and the absence of many too familiar. We cannot be too grateful for the banishment of 'Lucy Gray' and 'The Favourite Cat,' but we should be still more grateful if the 'The Good News from Ghent to Aix,' 'The Scholar Gipsy' and 'Tintern Abbey' followed them into oblivion.

The book is divided into two sections : English and Anglo-Irish. Now we admit that there is not much selection to be made in Anglo-Irish poetry up to, say, 1900, but it would be better to exclude some altogether than to inflict them on the child mind—Tom Moore, Samuel Ferguson, and their sub-gods twelve would leave few regrets.

This is, then, with some reservations, an ideal book for schools, one which may give children the idea that there really is such a thing as poetry. While congratulating Miss Donnellan on her taste we suggest some necessary suppressions in later editions.

DONAGH MACDONAGH

MR. AUDEN AND OTHERS

PUBLIC SPEECH. Poems by Archibald MacLeish. (London : *Boriswood*, 3s. 6d.).

MITHRAIC EMBLEMS. Roy Campbell. (London : *Boriswood*, 7s. 6d.).

LOOK, STRANGER ! W. H. Auden. (London : *Faber and Faber*, 5s.).

Publishers are in the habit of complaining querulously that living poetry is not being bought, to which the smartest come-back is that there is none to buy. Certainly with the exception of Mr. Auden there is little life in the books before me.

Just a year ago Boriswood published Mr. MacLeish's "Poems," a work which read like a joint-account in the names of Eliot, Pound and MacLeish ; in "Public Speech" there is, regrettably, only Mr. MacLeish in evidence. The

former collection was at least worth arguing about, this latest is hardly worth quoting from. I mean :

Time like the repetitions of a child's piano
Brings me the room again the shallow lamp the love
The night the silence the slow bell the echoed answer

may bring all these things to the writer but to the reader they bring only the desire for a different book. I have tried hard to get something from these poems but have failed, not because they are obscure or difficult, they are not, but because there is nothing in them. They are not even clever as many of those in the former collection were :

Around, around the sun we go :
The moon goes round the earth.
We do not die of death :
We die of vertigo.

is facile and pleasing but in "Public Speech" we have neither facility nor cleverness nor anything else except excellent printing.

Mr. Campbell has, above all, the power of words, he bends language to his uses with grace and precision, but in this case the uses when not religious or sentimental are comic or rather 'satirical or topical poems which have had to emasculated down to pommie level.' ('Pommie' is a new one on me.) The religious poems deal mainly with the present situation in Spain, where Mr. Campbell would seem to have carried a gun. In an earlier age there is little doubt that Mr. Campbell would have been acclaimed as a great poet, his frank use of all the tricks of the trade make him one with the Victorians, but unfortunately his age has passed and he finds himself in competition with minds which have more in them than technical excellence. Even his funny poems bear more resemblance to the work produced during and immediately after the war than to anything now appreciated. He does not seem capable of coming free of the nets of beautiful phrases, phrases which are yet not beautiful enough to live without drive behind them. For example, it is now impossible to read without a smile :

The snow-born sylph, her spools of glory spun,
Forgets the singing journeys that she came
To fill this frosty chrysalis of flame
Where sleeps the golden echo of the Sun.

which bears as title "A Jug of Water."

No, Mr. Campbell ; you were born in the 'wrong age. You might once have challenged Alfred Lord Tennyson for his beard, but he is very dead.

In this, his newest book, Mr. Auden emerges entire, a lofty jester, easy, athletic, engagingly human, and desperately sincere. He has improved his verse in every way. This book ought to be a best-seller. Yet it never falls short of the most exacting standards of modern poetry.

Mr. Auden's specialities stood out too sharply in his earlier work : his cataloguing, his topicality, his politics. Now, an increased command enables him to be clear without being explicit, to be intense without being personal, to demonstrate without preaching. His various tricks have been widened and fused into a flawless texture.

Occasionally, a Drydenish cadence jolts one back to his early "smart" manner :

"The tigerish blazer and the dove-like shoe." (XXX)

But even that is excellent

For the most part he loves Earth well enough to let her revolve. then it is sheer delight :

May with its light behaving
 Stirs vessel, eye, and limb;
 The singular and sad
 Are willing to recover,
 And to the swan-delighting river
 The careless picnics come,
 The living white and red. (XVI. p. 41).

It is all as good as this. But, even in some of the longer poems, full of passionate hatred for an idle and heedless world thriving on murder and misery, he succeeds in maintaining the rarest quality in modern poetry—serenity. About the moon:

She climbs the European sky;
 Churches and power stations lie
 Alike among earth's fixtures:
 Into the galleries she peers,
 And blankly as an orphan stares
 Upon the marvellous pictures. (II. p. 14).

There is a new nobility in these poems, born of suffering: personal suffering and victory. Not the satiric note of disillusionment born of hate. It is "parable-art"—to use his own phrase. Mr. Auden has learned that language "which shall teach man to unlearn hatred and learn love."

DONAGH MACDONAGH

FICTION

RORY AND BRAN. By Lord Dunsany. (*Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.).

Lord Dunsany again asks us to saunter along the stranger paths of the imagination, and if we feel that the paths never lead to a clearing, that they wind themselves delightfully into a lovely maze, that may be because we cannot find the Ariadne's thread of the maze. But finding a thread is a difficult business even in good light, and the lighting here is rather like that of a shaded oil lamp in a romantic old house—say, in a Rectory where one is having a conversation with a Canon so full of lore and humour and the humanities that nothing is what it seems but everything becomes symbolical of something else. Indeed, when we first meet nineteen-year old Rory he is painfully reading by the yellow light of a candle, while by the dimmer light of the fire his parents discuss whether he could drive twelve cattle to the great fair at Gurnaroonagh. Rory and the silent Bran set off with the cattle, meet the Jockey and The O'Harrigan and lose the cattle twice over, Rory gaining instead a horse and a talk with Charlemagne, after which he meets the tinker, Ship-in-the-Bottle, who proclaims the new Irish Government on Slievenamona—"there should be no authority in Ireland but from the full moon" and the tinker should be its viceroy. By this light we think to grasp the thread when Rory meets Oriana and her Aunt Bridget. For, listen: Oriana is sane but "an innocent"; she is to be put in Mullingar asylum and the farm will then go to Aunt Bridget. Now Aunt Bridget's intellect is given to wordly wisdom, "reinforced with all the forces of cunning," whereas Oriana is merely lovely and her spirit so clear that looking for wordly wisdom let alone cunning in her would be like expecting Shavian dialogue at a children's dancing matinee, say, in Lord Iveagh's gardens. Well, Rory keeps to his dreams and the cattle are safely sold on his behalf and the tinker and Slievenamona save Oriana from Mullingar. So we think we have the thread. But isn't it too obvious? And the last chapter where the son of Rory and Oriana denounces in the Dail the Government

that would protect all birds except the Irish Phoenix ! If that Irish Phoenix is indeed to rise again from its ashes, we should be given a chance to recognise it. But we are never shown it, though it is clear that Lord Dunsany knows it well and that it is a desirable beast and of a good conscience.

Well, a recent novel had as sub-title "Work It Out For Yourself." It was not worth the trouble, that astringent cocktail of baffled smartness and sad laughter. But "Rory and Bran" is worth the trouble. And it is charming.

MICHAEL BURKE

SUGARHOUSE ENTRY. By Richard Hayward. (*Barker*, 7s. 6d.).

Novels from Ulster are comparatively rare these days. This one is doubly welcome, for it is a very charming lyrical, narrative, with an authentic flavour as of real life. After a (possibly necessary but highly undramatic) disquisition on the peculiar nature of the Ulster Presbyterian character, Mr. Hayward launches us quickly and smoothly into the story of how Robert Dunseith, a farmer, engaged the services of Hannah Montgomery as housekeeper, and how she developed a sentimental feeling for him, and a deep love for his motherless children. Rosie Miskimmin, a girl of a harder, more shallow type, a schemer, snatches him from her ; and that is all. This is an old story renewed. It is not a novel of sex but a warm, kindly book that deals with human emotions with sympathy and modesty. The background is charmingly sketched in, sometimes so well as to suggest a bit of Coppée or even Daudet, and several of Mr. Hayward's ballads lilt through it, adding to the feeling one gets from the simplicity of the story a feeling as if one were reading a modern tale of the authentic Ulster folk.

F. D.

MOUNT PROSPECT. By Elizabeth Connor. (*Methuen*, 7s. 6d.).

Writing in this periodical last month, Dr. James Devane said :

When we take a wide and comprehensive survey of the novel we do not think in terms of realism, romanticism, or any other -ism, we do not think in terms of the tricks and technique of craftsmanship, we think in terms of the society which the novelist portrays, of the society, which, whether he knows it or not, forms and moulds the novelist himself

There is something greater than the novelist and that is the society which moulds the novelist.

(This, in rebuttal of a lecture of mine on the Catholic Novel.) I should very much like to know what Dr. Devane will think after reading Elizabeth Connor's novel, *Mount Prospect*, for it is such an unpleasant picture of Irish middle-class society that I am sure he, and many others, will say that it is a case in which society cannot possibly have moulded the novelist. For the alternative is that it is a society so hateful that it only induces hate.

Miss Connor gives us a full-length picture of the Kenefick family—the widow, her two children, Rex and Mary, and her stepson Peter, disintegrated, all of them by a sham respectability so powerful that even while the children rebel secretly, in the truly subterranean way of modern Ireland, old ties and old influences—especially that of the strong-minded mother—never allow them to become free masters of their own souls. They deceive their mother, they deceive one another, they deceive themselves, they deceive society, they would almost deceive their God. Mary marries a man who does not love her. Rex has a pitifully drab affair with a little hairdresser, Winnie Sullivan—the only really attractive character in the book is this frankly hard-boiled, gin-drinking, merry-hearted girl of loose morals. Peter would marry

Winnie, but Rex is obliged to marry her, and kills her in a motor-accident while drunk. Mary's husband abandons her at this point, and the end of the book is the insanity of Peter, who murders Rex—the widow (a female John Brodie) keeping up what appearances she can even in the midst of this final tragedy. One is left to imagine what life is going to be like, now, in Mount Prospect—the title contains obvious irony—where it looks down on Bridgetown, each one of whose lights, as Miss Connor says in a fine sentence, stare up at it with a separate menace. I cannot even suggest the fullness of Miss Connor's general picture, with its Ladies' Brigade of Saint Patrick, its tennis-club gossips, its sketches of Cork's exiguous social life.

Clearly it is not a "nice" book. And yet is it not at all untrue, as far as it goes, and quite true if one wants to look at our middle-classes from that particular angle of an outraged social conscience. But it is not convincing. Miss Connor is too angry to be calm, or just; she has not allowed Irish society to mould her (God forbid that it should mould anybody as it stands at the moment!), but if she has not allowed it to blind her to its faults she has allowed it to blind her to its few virtues. She is over-emphatic as a result, and even at times melodramatic, as when she makes Peter think, as he looks at his step-mother,

If she knocked her down trampled on her smashed her face to bloody putty tore her throat asunder with his teeth Even if he is neurotic that is bathetic; and the same lack of restraint dulls the effect of many otherwise fine scenes.

In all these cases of the outraged novelist one reverts for guidance to Tchekov, who was also outraged by the society of his time. He said that an artist must have a norm, and that he must relate life to that ideal form by simply posing problems arising out of life. But he found the seed of his norm *within his society*—not in French society or German society. Surely there are similar latent possibilities in Ireland? Every Irish writer, indeed, is at present, consciously or unconsciously, exploring these possibilities (by selection or by emphasis), of his material, or of the problems in his material, in the effort to get a complete, integrated picture of life in all its fullness out of Irish Society. Elizabeth Connor either does not see any such possibilities, or she believes in exorcising our vices by displaying them. So doing she will not create a complete work of art, but, if she is read, she will at any rate stir us into further eagerness to progress towards some norm.

S. O. F.

HERO BREED. By Pat Mullen. (*Faber and Faber*, 8s. 6d.).

Nothing bad can come out of Aran, but if the publishers and Pat Mullen would only be content with what is indigenous to Aran this might have been a very much more effective book. It is a finely told series of adventures tacked on to the names of one or two people, with a conventional love-story thrown in for the sake of plot. Some of the scenes, such as the opening storm, and many of the minor scenes, are faultless. The folk do not, however, by nature *construct*—that is a literary trick—they make their stories grow by accretion. In that sense *Hero Breed* is almost a folk-tale, and as such can be thoroughly enjoyed. It is teeming with life and movement and high spirits. But it is not a novel.

S. O. F.

THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT. (16 SEPT.—15 OCT.)

PRESIDENT DE VALERA stated that the people and not the Government could save the Irish language, and Mrs. de Valera on rare public appearance appealed to the children to use Irish more freely; President of Gaelic League stated that the universities were doing "untold harm" to Irish and called on the young to put aside their "endless running about to Soccer matches and vicious dances" and help to establish free and Gaelic Ireland; Enniskillen Gaels suggest that instead of medals G.A.A. winners be given fortnight in Gaeltacht; on the other hand there was an encouraging report on the spread of Irish in Galway; Intermediate education results showed that where marks were high in Irish they were correspondingly high in other subjects. President de Valera, opening old I.R.A. club, called for new type of courage and discipline. Minister stated that while other countries were concentrating on armaments, Saorstát was planning more assistance for the widows, orphans, old and unemployed. Report at Dublin County Board of a man refused unemployment assistance because he would not accept work at 27s. a week. Father Cahill, noted Jesuit sociologist, stated that new constitution must be framework of Catholic state. Government enquiry into industrial schools recommended continuance of present system and stated problem mainly one not of crime but of poverty.

Enniskillen Protestants refuse to form branch of anti-Catholic Protestant League. Coroner's jury find that Sean Glynn, Limerick political prisoner found dead in Arbour Hill Prison, was not ill-treated but was not fit for solitary confinement. "Irish Press" runs series of sensational articles on conditions in the slums where 23 per cent. of Dublin's population lives.

County Council defers grant to Tourist Association owing to poor reception for visitors at Dun Laoghaire. Cemetery prepared by voluntary local labour at Glentane. Splendid new hospital built from sweepstake grant opened at Nenagh. Minister opened 160 new houses for workers in Tuam. Returns showed that death rate for country is the lowest on record. Professor Abercrombie arrived to advise on Dublin town-planning. Instruction on road safety to children begun. Chief of Staff made disturbing reference to dangerous state of national defence. Northern Government held enquiry into Unionist proposals for re-distribution of city wards, Nationalists alleging that although they had majority of voters they could elect only one-third of the members.

Direct radio communication with Harbour Grace will give new importance to Valentia. Because of prior agreements with Britain and America, facilities could not be given for German trans-atlantic air station at Galway. Census of Distribution, first of its kind in Europe, showed 38,000 shops with £100,000,000 stock. Nett increase of 154 Saorstát companies during 1935. Government to enquire into conditions in linen and cotton trade and strike notices withdrawn. Serious strike of beet sugar workers in Mallow begun.

W. B. Yeats delivered B.B.C. lecture on "Modern Poetry." Editor of "British Weekly" lectured on Francis Thompson to Dublin Congregational church. First production of "The Jailbird," new comedy by George Shiels, in Abbey, and "Statue in Marble," a first play on Byron by Hazel Ellis, in Gate; Gate also produced Housman's "Victoria Regina," prohibited in England. Lord Longford's players successfully toured the provinces. Exhibition of paintings by Harry Kernoff. 2,000 applicants for the five posts in the new College of Art. Pictures taken for the issue of "The March of Time" to be devoted to Ireland. Sir T. Robinson told cinema owners that trade could claim great credit for the kind of film being shown in Ireland.

Hierarchy at Maynooth directed prayers for success of Christianity in Spain and collection for Spanish Cardinal Primate; Christian Front continued to hold successful meetings and send medical supplies to Insurgents; attention drawn by lay and clerical leaders of necessity for improving social conditions in Ireland; criticism of trades unions' grant to Madrid Government relief, but conference of Amalgamated Transport Union addressed by Ernest Bevin endorses subscription; it was reported that General O'Duffy was warmly received by Burgos Government, who accepted offer of Irish Brigade; Spanish Minister to Saorstát resigned on ground that Madrid Government did not represent Spanish people. Chief Rabbi thanked God that Ireland was proof against anti-semitism. Sean Lester, famous for his defiance of Nazis when League of Nations Commissioner in Danzig, appointed Under-Secretary-General of League. Trade treaty between Turkey and Saorstát signed. Irish contingent of veterans of Great War joined pilgrimage to Lourdes to pray for peace. Irish delegate takes part in violent debate between fascists and anti-fascists at P.E.N. Congress in Buenos Aires.

British Mycological Society paid third visit in ten years to Ireland. Cork doctor found not guilty of charge of offering bribe to member of public board. Stated in Ennis Court that a member of the McCarthy tinker tribe had never been convicted of theft. Kurt Bjoerkval, flying Atlantic from New York, rescued off Kerry coast when plane crashed into sea. Count John McCormack gave up lease of Irish home, Moore Abbey. Great lying-in-state and civic funeral in Dublin of three firemen who lost their lives on duty.

DENIS BARRY

In the first few days of September there was held in Brussels an immense peace demonstration. All the nations in Europe were represented, save only Germany and Italy. Thirty-five nations affirmed their belief through six thousand delegates that peace is *indivisible*, that armaments must be nationalized and reduced by agreement, that the League of Nations must be strengthened, and that machinery must be set up for the peaceful rectification of unjust treaties. And Italy and Germany were absent. There were Chinese, Mexicans, Egyptians and South Africans; there was an Arab and a Jew from Palestine; there were Russians, Australians and Americans. But not a German, and not an Italian.

It would be a mistake perhaps to draw any conclusion from the fact that in our own Christian country it is possible to raise several thousand volunteers ready to go forth and slaughter the heathen Spaniard, but that at this Congress for Universal Peace the Irish Free State was represented by one delegate.

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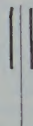
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ROBERT C. GEARY, M.SC., PH.D., *Assistant Director of Statistics, completed his brilliant mathematical studies at the Sorbonne University, Paris.*

DR. FRANK KANE, M.D., *Lecturer in Physiology, University College, Dublin ; President, Medical Society, U.C.D., where he read the Inaugural Address this year on "The Growth of Populations."*

JAMES MEENAN, M.A., B.L., *published as a thesis a most valuable contribution to the study of Ireland's population problem.*

PROF. ALOYS FLEISCHMANN, *Chair of Music, University College, Cork, whom we welcome back to our pages.*

NICHOLAS MANSERGH, B.LITT., D.PH., *a practical farmer, who enjoys the distinction, almost unique in this country, of being also a distinguished graduate of Oxford University, his subject of research being political science.*

PROF. EOIN MACNEILL, *Professor of Irish History, University College, Dublin, author of Phases of Irish History, Celtic Ireland, and other later, if less pretentious, studies.*

SEAN O FAOLAIN, *author of A Nest of Simplefolk, Midsummer Night's Madness, Bird Alone, etc., fights here a battle against censorship, as at present practised, in which he himself has been victim.*

CHARLES EWART-MILNE, *an unrepentant modern from whose pen we already have published one poem.*

DONAGH MACDONAGH, *whose name is becoming increasingly familiar to our readers, has published highly creditable verse in the modern mode.*

DENIS BARRY, *a writer of some note and winner of Tailteann Novel Prize, contributes this new feature which we hope to retain regularly. This review of happenings is introduced in response to many requests from America and England.*

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